

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

• 15 CENTS A NUMBER

NOVEMBER, 1903.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE.

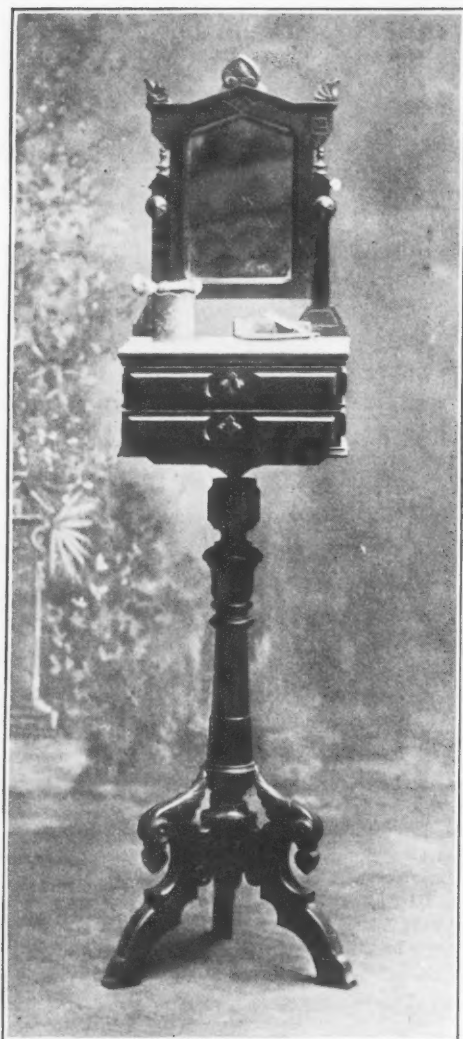


MISS JENNIE HARRISON,
Peoria, Illinois.

See page 818.

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THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE
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82 WEST CONCORD ST., BOSTON, MASS.



SHAVING STAND

MADE AT

Lark's Cabinet Making Works

658 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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In this day of severe competition in the industrial world we must produce something of value if we would successfully meet the requirements of the times.

We believe there is a large field in the manufacturing world for the Negro, and having met with surprising success in the printing and stationery business, we have begun this new enterprise of furniture manufacturing.

This circular is addressed especially to our leading public men and women with the hope of securing an order from a fair number, as it will serve not only the benefit of a particular sale, but as a reference for us in introducing our furniture in other homes.

We are not asking that you "buy stock" in some enterprise on paper, the materialization or value of which you might justly question, but we ask you to purchase a valuable and artistic piece of furniture, primarily because of its value and use, and secondarily as an encouragement to this new enterprise of Afro-Americans.

We make this article in our own shops at 658 Fulton Street and we very cordially invite you to call and see these men at work. We guarantee the quality of material and workmanship. The price is as low, indeed lower, than any other house for furniture of this quality; we therefore feel that, holding the position you do, we should have your order.

We have over \$2,000.00 actually invested in our business of printing and cabinet making, and having done business day in and day out for the past six years, we can justly feel that the people are satisfied with our work.

Our Mr. Snowden, foreman of the Cabinet-making department, is a practical furniture man—having been employed in this line of work for over twenty years at Augusta, Ga.

The price of this shaving stand is only \$12.75 cash, or \$14.75 in small payments.

We ask no money until you shall have seen the article in your home and carefully compared it with the best furniture. If then you are satisfied—pay as suits your convenience. Certainly this is a business proposition.

You should have this because of the present fashion of securing furniture of an antique and odd design. This is made in direct and exact imitation of Colonial styles, which you are aware is the present vogue in the Art furniture world.

We make only choice, odd and artistic furniture, such as genuine Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Parlor Tables, Sewing Tables, Shaving Stands and Hall Clocks.

If interested we will be pleased to hear from you.

Remember we ask not one cent until you shall have examined our goods and then allow you to make terms. Will you not encourage this enterprise.

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Catalogues, Constitutions, By-laws, Minutes of Societies, Churches, Conventions, etc., done quickly, neatly and at very moderate prices. Business Cards, etc., a specialty. Fifty Visiting Cards, correct style, with name and address, as per sample shown above, 40 cents, sent prepaid by mail.

LARK'S ELECTRIC PRINT, 658 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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Under New Management



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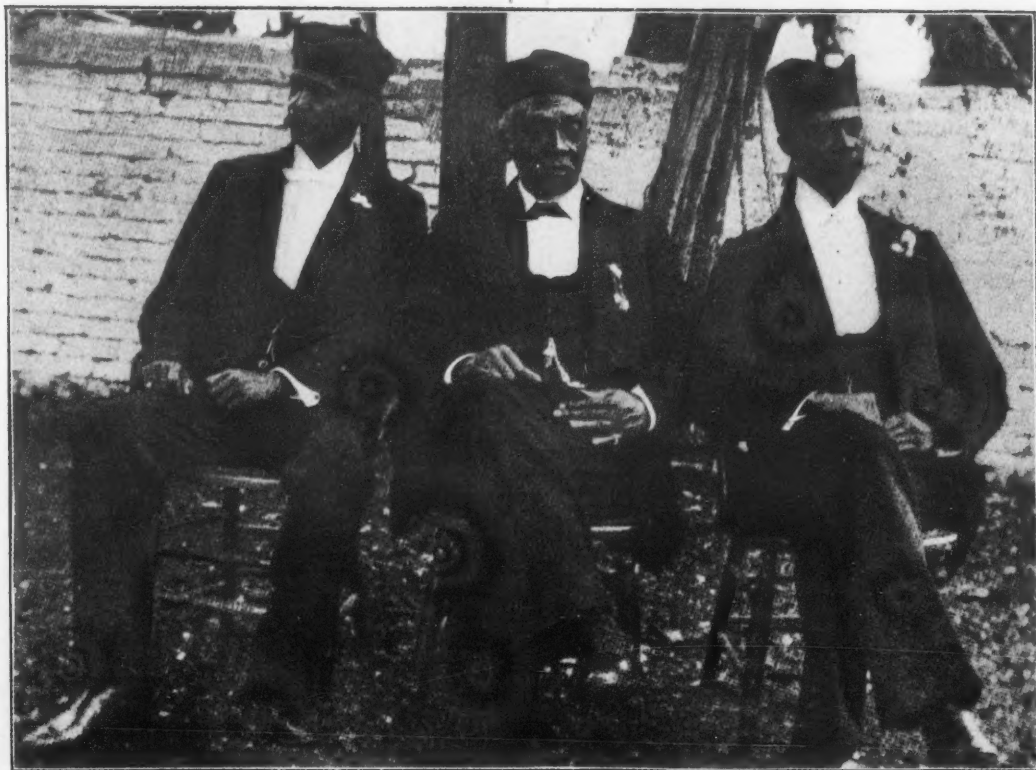
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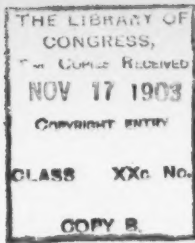


SUPREME COURT OF THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA, APRIL, 1931.

Justice Richardson.

Chief Justice Roberts.

Justice Dawson.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 11

THE QUAKER CITY.

H. HARRISON WAYMAN.

Standing very nearly at the most southeastern point of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is the beautiful metropolis of Philadelphia. Its chief claims to eminence lie in its vast manufacturing and shipping interests, and its great institutions of learning. Business has reached the acme of progress here, and everything that pertains to intellectual advancement is assiduously cultivated. Such a metropolis with all its marvellous opportunities presents itself to the world to-day as the home of successful business men.

Philadelphia has a mixed population, the native white predominating. The colored population numbers about seventy thousand, and constitutes an important element in the city's life. Not that that is desired, but the energy of this people is so powerfully exerted that they wield an influence which forces their reluctant acceptance. To the indifferent on-looker, the rise of a despised and oppressed race is as great a miracle as was the revival of Lazarus by our Lord; for as Lazarus was dead to the material interests of all flesh, so was the Negro dead to all the ethical forces which make for the true life, through no fault of his own. Yet, when God breathed upon that mass of ignorance and said, "Arise, take up thy bed and

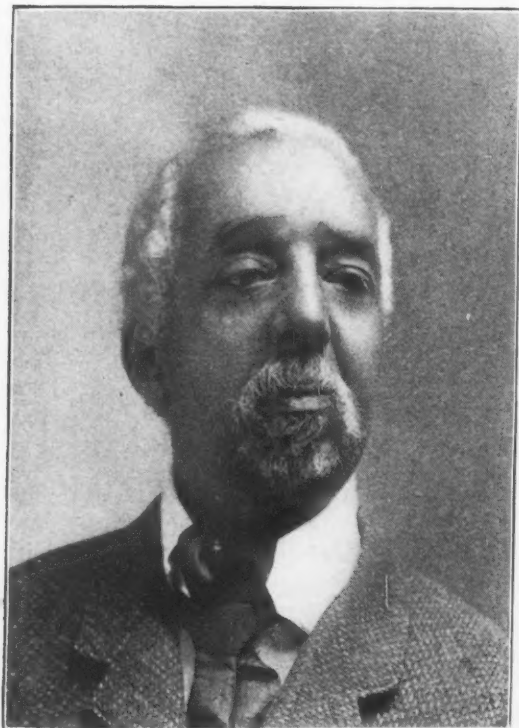
walk," the Negro obeyed the mandate, and has astonished Christendom with the beauty of his accomplishments.

The society of Philadelphia is exclusive. A person may visit the city and be entertained by individuals, but when the knock vibrates on the portal of the social realm, the response is not a rushing one. Philadelphians, however, are very hospitable; remarkably so, we may say, as the best colored families are extremely well off, many of them owning more than the home in which they reside.

The colored population controls the greater part of the catering business, which is one of the earliest callings the colored people of this city have been known to follow. The leading families of to-day are usually represented by the younger members, the matrons devoting their time to domestic affairs. The member of the young "smart set" makes her debut at one of the receptions of the "Fraternal Association," "The Clio-tis," "Fortnightly," or "The Originals."

Among the members of these social clubs you not only find grace and beauty, but intellect as well, the young ladies being particularly well educated, most of them graduating from the best schools of the city.

Among the graduates of the Girls'



HAMILTON ARCHIBALD MOORE,

PHILADELPHIA, PA. See page 772.

High School in 1890 and the Girls' Normal in 1892, is Carrie Crane Compton. Miss Compton is fortunate in possessing fine traits of character, good looks, and a fine education, and has so far made her mark in life. She is a teacher in the Wilmot public school. Among the organizations of which she is a member, are the "Treble Clef" and "The Fortnightly." She is a sister of Pauline Compton, another of Philadelphia's charming young society women. Miss Compton has many friends in Boston, Pittsburg, and Detroit, where she visits during her vacation.

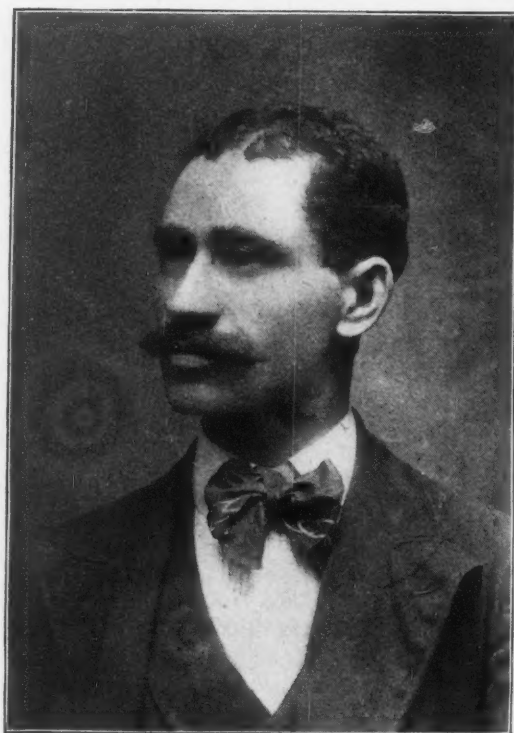
Miss Lydia Banton is another fascinating young Philadelphia lady, a graduate of the Institute for Colored Youth, in the class of 1895, which she led.

Miss Banton taught school at Wood-

bury, N. J., and on account of her proficiency was appointed a teacher in the O. V. Catto School of Camden, N. J., to build it up. Miss Banton also taught stenography in the evening classes at the East End Business School. She is an excellent performer on the piano, and is gifted with a sweet voice. Among the organizations with which she is identified are the "Altar Guild" of St. Thomas P. E. Church, and "The Acorn Club," a literary social.

Miss Banton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Banton. She is the sister of Mrs. Jack Harris and Dr. Cornwell Banton.

Miss Agnes Berre, another of the bright girl graduates of the Girls' High School class of '96, and the Girls' Normal class of '98, took a course at Martha's Vineyard Institute in Massachu-



JAMES HENRY MORGAN,

PHILADELPHIA, PA. See page 773.

setts in '99, in physical culture. Miss Berre is one of the teachers in the O. V. Catto public school of Philadelphia. Music is her diversion. She has a sweet, well-trained soprano voice, having studied under Madam Selika. Miss Berre spends the summer at Atlantic City or Newport. She is pleasant and interesting in conversation, and has all the refined qualities you would seek in an ideal woman.

The Joseph E. Hill School, one of the three public schools named after colored men, has for its principal Miss Marie Roland, the city's youngest principal, and the following instructors: Miss Henrietta Edwards, a very charming young woman, of one of Philadelphia's families; Miss Sallie Boling, a very brilliant young woman; Miss Hattie Taylor



MISS CARRIE CRANE CAMPTON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA. *See page 770.*

Miss Mabel Walker, and Louise Williamson.

Miss Jessie R. Fausett, the most brilliant of colored girl graduates of the Girls' High School, in 1901, won the prize of \$15.00 in gold for highest average, and a scholarship to Cornell.

In her entrance examination to Cornell, where she is now a junior, she stood number one, one hundred and twenty-six competing.

Miss Clara Sadler was graduated from the Girls' High School in 1899, and the Girls' Normal in 1901. Miss Sadler was one of the honor girls. She wrote the class song, being the first of her race to be so honored.

Miss Sadler is one of the teachers in the Martha Washington public school, a mixed school. Out of sixteen white and one supervisor, she and Miss Bertha Dover, another of our bright graduates, are the only colored teachers.



MISS LYDIA BANTON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA. *See page 770.*



MISS AGNES BERRE,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See page 770.

Among vocalists, Philadelphia has an enviable reputation.

Miss Bessie Lee, the world-famed contralto, is one of the great singers who have developed into womanhood among us. Flora Batson, whose voice has thrilled thousands, lives in the repose of the Quaker City.

Miss May Chay, one of our rising young singers, claims first place in musical circles; in operatic selections or in ballads she is marvellous.

Among instrumentalists, we may mention Prof. R. Henri Robinson, Prof. John Lively, Idia Bowser Asbury (violinist), S. Aesop (violin), and Louis Perryman (cornetist).

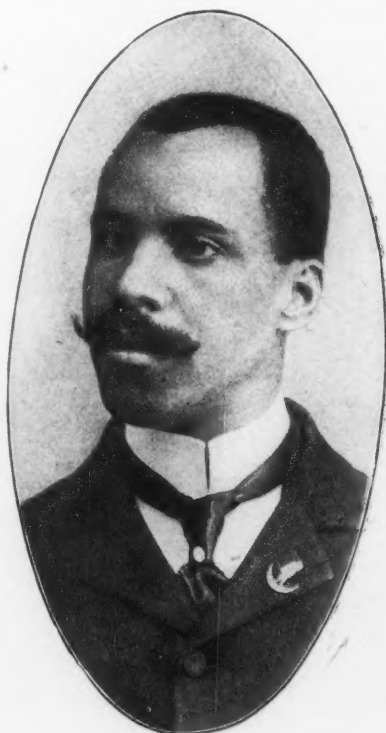
Mrs. Minnie Snowden is a very accomplished pianist, organist, and instructor.

Prof. Wm. F. Baynard might be justly called the Paganini of the piano. He

has displayed extraordinary technique. As a descriptive pianist and versatile manipulator of this instrument, he has few peers. He was born in Philadelphia some thirty-four years ago. He received his musical education principally at the Pine St. Conservatory of Music.

For a number of years he was organist of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Crucifixion. He later studied at the Divinity School. Prof. Baynard and his sister Emma, who under his instruction became a remarkable descriptive soloist, travelled through the New England and Middle States, under the title of the "Only Two." They later became a part of the Oriental Troubadours, with which they are starring.

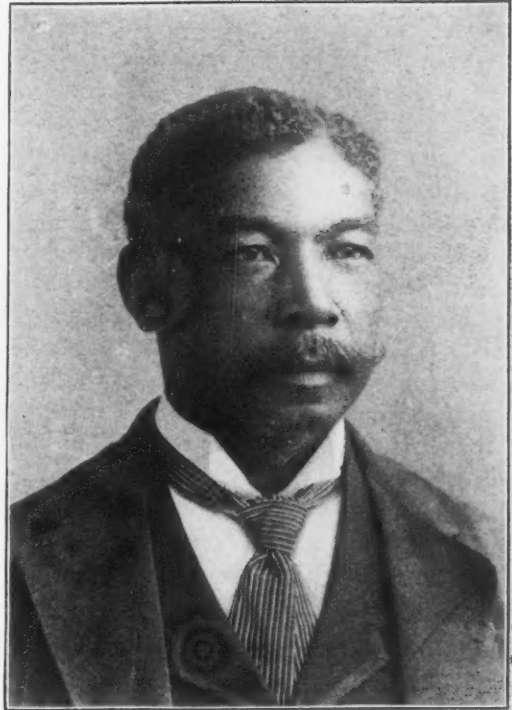
Hamilton Archibald Moore is one of the oldest and best musicians of Philadelphia, where he was born March 20,



WM. F. BAYNARD.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See page 772.

1834. His father was a sailmaker, an apprentice to James Forten, a colored man. He attended the Byrd's School, the best colored school of the period. He studied music under Capt. Frank Anderson, leader and successor to Frank Johnson's Band. His instructor in harmony was Maththias Kellar, a German. John Thompson Norton, trumpeter to George the IV., taught him the trumpet. In 1859 Mr. Moore went to England. He attended Queen's College at Liverpool, and studied harmony. For five years he played at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, the Royal Adelphi, and the Prince of Wales. For seven years he served as trumpeter and musician for the Royal Lancashire Artillery. At England's crack military camp, Aldershott, he had the proud honor to play before the late Queen Victoria. Returning to Philadelphia in 1874, he followed his profession. Considerable of his time is devoted to arranging music and instructing. He instructs on most any instrument, but on brass instruments he has instructed hundreds of prominent musicians. Hamil-



EDWIN HILL,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See page 773.

ton Moore is one of the most historic musicians of Philadelphia; he has a mind full of reminiscences. Modest in his demeanor, courteous in his old age, we may soon know him only in memory.

Contemporary composers of music have produced few works that reflect greater light of genius than those of Edwin Hill. Mr. Hill was born in 1845 at Sandy Springs, Montgomery County, Md. He has been a resident of Philadelphia since 1871. His musical instructors were Prof. Conly and Prof. Glass; under the latter he studied harmony.

The knowledge of composition he acquired himself. His local prestige has reached such eminence that his musical compositions have been sung in such churches as Holy Trinity and St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal, the churches of Philadelphia's white "smart set."



MRS. H. C. CAYSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See page 774.

His music has been heard in far Acadia. One of the papers of Nova Scotia, "The Halifax Acadian Recorder," commenting on his music, said it was imposing and dignified, and far in advance of the average music of his countrymen. Among his published compositions are two prize hymns, "Nearer my God, to Thee," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Miss Mary MacHenry, an eminent lady of Philadelphia, on hearing one of his compositions, "O Sing unto the Lord a New Song," sung in one of the leading churches, was so charmed that she urged him to have it published, which he did and dedicated it to her. Mr. Hill does not depend on music for a livelihood, although he has donated much of his time at the shrine of Orpheus.

He has had twenty-five compositions published, among them "Evening Zephyrs," "Glory to God on High," "Softly Now the Light of Day," "Nunc Dimittis," "Nearing Home," "Hark, What Means," "Joy to the World," and the following airs: "Rest Thee, True Heart," a serenade, and "Waltz Fraternal." Mr. W. C. Bolivar wrote the words for a few of the compositions. Mr. Hill has more than a hundred works unpublished. He is a lover of art, and has done some work in crayon of no mean degree. His son, Edw. Hill, Jr., is an eminent violinist, and is taking up art at the Industrial School at Broad and Pine Streets, Philadelphia.

Mrs. H. C. Cayson has contributed a number of melodies to the musical world. Her best-known songs are "Angel Mother," and "Five Years Ago." Her career in public life began very early. When fifteen years of age she took up school teaching, being one of the three out of twenty that passed the examination. She taught in the public schools for five years during the day, and for a number of years taught night

school. Mrs. Cayson inherits her love for music from her father, who was an instructor in vocal music. She is very popular with the people, and is a great lover of all that pertains to elevate the race. Mrs. Cayson was born at Norfolk, Va. She came to Philadelphia during the early part of 1876. Her husband is a prominent shoemaker of the Quaker City.

Mr. William D. Smith, the composer and publisher of a great many melodies, has written a book on sight reading. He composed a new "America," on the solicitation of the government, from native composers, which is under consideration. Among his compositions of merit are: "The New Century Evening Waltz," "One Girl at a Time is Enough for Me," "Lover's Retreat March," "I'd Love to See an Educated Frog," and a variety of others.

Mr. F. A. Clark is one of the city's most noted musical directors and composers. His compositions are gems. Mr. Clark's specialty is sacred music. He is gifted with more accomplishments than the average man. He sings remarkably well, is an excellent reciter, a polished orator, and a careful writer. Some of his poems have appeared in the leading daily papers of Philadelphia. He is employed by the Papper Musical Instruments house.

Philadelphia has a large percentage of the living writers of the race:—

Mrs. Gertrude Mossell, "Afro-American Women."

Robert Jones, "Forty Years on Lombard Street."

Rev. Matthew Anderson, "Presbyterianism."

Mrs. Lucy E. Hubert, "Hints on the Care of Children."

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, "Iola Leroy."

John S. Durham, "Diane, Priestess of Haiti."

H. Franklin Hall, "Cooking."

Rev. Levi Coppin, "Infant Baptism."
 Josie D. Heard, "Morning Glories."
 Ruth D. Todd, "Miscellaneous Short
 Stories."

Among entertainers we have Prof. Jas. H. Smith, the famous sleight-of-hand performer, J. Morris, and B. Gratton, comedian, and Mrs. Morris, pianist.

Philadelphia has the oldest religious colored organization. St. Thomas Protestant Episcopal Church was organized August 12, 1794. "The Christian Re-

corder," the official organ of the A. M. E. Church, is the oldest colored newspaper. It was incorporated over fifty years ago.

"The Philadelphia Tribune" is the oldest secular paper of the race. The staff of these organs is entirely colored, and they have modern cylinder presses. The "Tribune" has an electro-engraving plant, the proud pioneer, thanks to the magic conception of one of our young men, Mr. Jas. Morgan.

A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

E H RYDALL.



A GROUP OF OSTRICHES.

Within the lifetime of the present generation the United States will contain another large and lucrative industry, for which a precedent has already been set by the British in Africa—the cultivation of ostriches. California and Arizona have been found to furnish the ideal climates and environments for the cultivation of the African ostrich, superior in one respect at least to the climates of

Southern Africa. The British ostrich farmers occasionally suffer from an epidemic that destroys thousands of young ostriches; after seventeen years' experience, the American ostrich farmers have found their stock immune from such malady, and so adapted have the climates of Arizona and California appeared to the African ostrich that the creature has extended its times of incu-

bation, and now lays at intervals all the year round, instead of only, as usual with the wild ostrich, in February and July. Just as in Paris and London an array of operatives is preparing the ostrich feathers of Africa for the use of civilized peoples, so in time to come will New York and Chicago employ such male and female help in this useful industry.

Edwin Cawston, of California, is the first successful American ostrich farmer. Endowed with immense wealth he plodded on to success where those with limited capital would have met inevitable failure. He owns a large ostrich farm near Los Angeles, Cal.; another for stock-raising purposes at Norwalk, Cal., and a third at Nice, on the borders of France and Italy, where frequently congregate the aristocracy and wealth of Europe. He is also interested in the American Ostrich Trust, whose headquarters are at Phoenix, Ari., where some fifteen hundred ostriches, or the bulk of the American ostrich population, are collected. He is, perhaps, the only millionaire in America who has made his millions out of that strange African biped—the ostrich. First in the successful establishment of the African ostrich in America, he is also first in furnishing its beautiful feathers to the American feminine public; at this writing a comparatively small stock of ostrich feathers is furnished by American ostriches, bearing very little comparison to the supply required by the United States, but sufficient to give it a fair test of the quality and wearing capacity of the American ostrich feather; to thus introduce the product of his new importation, Mr. Cawston annually spends some twenty thousand dollars, and annually receives from Eastern tourists about that amount for simply viewing his strange aggregation of Asiatic freaks, called by courtesy “an ostrich farm.” Such convenient exhibi-

tions as exist in the various Southern states, chiefly at watering-places, to illustrate the ostrich, are vastly different from the ostrich farms owned by the British and Boer at the Cape, one of which contains over ten thousand ostriches, and is many miles in area.

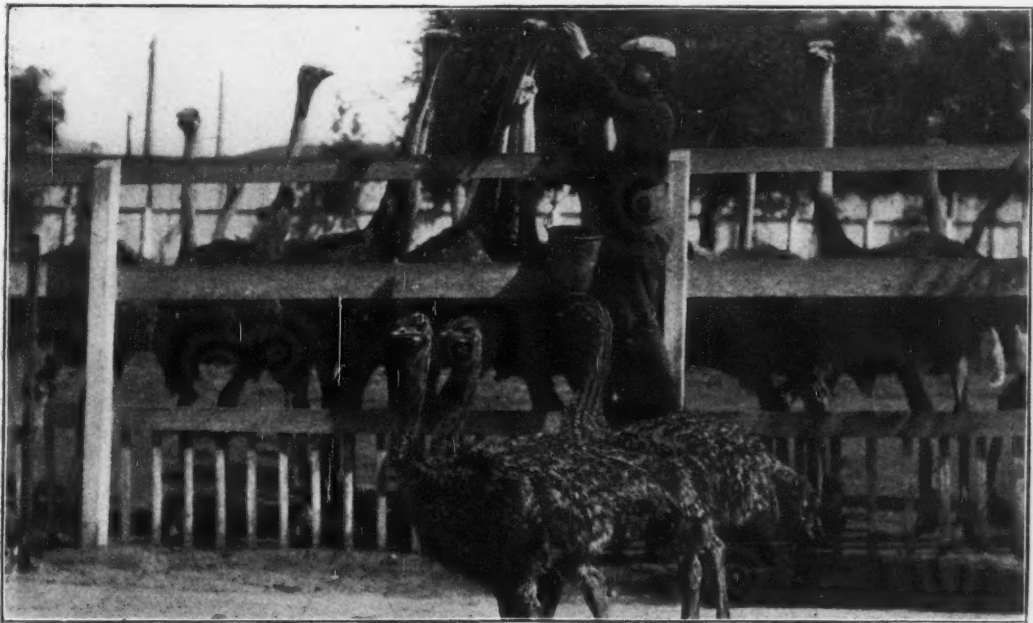
Considering, however, the revenue derived from the exhibition, from the sale of the young to the Trust, and from the sale of the ostrich feathers, much more money is made on a certain number of ostriches by the American than by the African ostrich farmer. Next to a French restaurant in San Francisco, or a cemetery just outside that city, it may safely be alleged that nothing pays so well in all California, in proportion to the money invested, as an ostrich farm. Therefore, Mr. Cawston is rewarded amply for the dozen years of anxiety and the invested capital with which he embarked in the ostrich industry. He presides over his Los Angeles farm; is still a comparatively young man; has recently married one of the fairest daughters of Los Angeles, and is the fortunate father, by his two previous wives, of three healthy boys, who will doubtless be familiar with ostriches long after this pioneer has passed over the bar.

The ostrich is raised mainly for its feathers. With those the creature is continually supplying the world, for every eight months all the feathers of the wings, back and tail, are ejected and new ones begin to grow. It would seem that this wise provision of Nature had been made for the benefit of the ladies, whom this beautiful product of the ostrich so bountifully adorn. Even the “plucking of the ostriches” is utilized by the enterprising American ostrich farmer to draw coin from the pockets of the ever inquisitive public; when a collection of the birds are becoming ripe a day is fixed for the plucking and adver-

tisements inserted in the local papers; a man is engaged who understands how to skilfully remove the ostrich feather without causing too much anguish to the creature and without running the danger of so damaging a feather root that it will arrest the further production of feathers by a wound; each ostrich is successfully blindfolded and led into a three-cornered aperture in the farm, where it is robbed of its finery and civilization made richer by this product of the pathless desert. Frequently, after

performance, for the plucking of ostriches is very little more exciting than the plucking of geese, merely perhaps exciting more sympathetic groans from the old ladies present as the ostrich jumps nervously under the skilful manipulation of the plucker.

Ostriches cost very little to raise. A hundred ostriches will consume as much as so many sheep; alfalfa, beets, corn, squeezed grape skins and the remains of olives after the oil has been pressed out afford ample sustenance; common



FEEDING THE OSTRICHES.

the operation is over, the wicket gate opened, and, ere the blind is taken from its eyes, a boy mounts the bird; as soon as the creature can see he darts away to the field with the boy on his back and often carries him some two hundred yards; the boy has to hold on like grim death, and the picture, so suggestive of a monkey riding some animal, and the inevitable results, furnish great merriment to the assembled spectators. This is really the most interesting part of the

cheap oranges, in fact almost everything is fish that comes to the net of the ostrich, for the creature will eat anything; and that is saying a great deal.

Expensive experiment has demonstrated the fact, however, that the better the quality of food furnished to the mature ostriches the oftener they lay; ostrich chicks are worth three hundred dollars a dozen now in California, so that the astute American farmer is found to give very good food to his ostriches from

interested motives. The flesh of the ostrich is prohibited by the Mosaic law, together with herons, owls, swans, eagles and bats. The eggs of the ostrich are eatable, however, and would not be discovered by those unacquainted with the fact if served, for they taste like that of the ordinary hen. The large hotels of California sometimes add to their menu, for advertising purposes only, the egg of the ostrich; but eggs that develop into young, worth twenty-five dollars each, cannot become a staple article of consumption except among millionaires. The hen ostrich is quite remarkable for her fecundity; she will lay fifteen eggs in the nest, which is merely a hole in the ground, and after she has filled it, will ornament the vicinity with eggs, some of which are discovered to be unfertile. The hen carefully watches and protects the nest by day, the male ostrich by night. The creature is tender and

thoughtful, and in domesticated life by no means bears out the allegations of the sweet singer Job, who wrote: "She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers."

When the American ostrich population shall so have multiplied that the American ostrich supply shall be obtained from it, then will the valuable services of Edwin Cawston, the American ostrich farmer, be recognized by a commercial and profit-making community; then will the great ostrich farms of Africa be rivalled by the American industry, and then the two million dollars that now find their way to the pockets of the London feather brokers and the African ostrich farmers from the United States, remain in the pockets of the American public; whether looking forward or backward, we must agree that "this is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL SESSION OF THE NATIONAL NEGRO BAPTIST CONVENTION.

WOOLFORD DAMON.

Representative Negro men and women from every part of the United States and from Africa and South America were present at the opening of the twenty-third annual session of the National Baptist Convention in the Export Exposition Building, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 16, 1903. Rev. Dr. E. C. Morris, of Helena, Ark., presided, and a chorus of five hundred voices furnished vocal music.

The Scripture was read by Rev. D. S. Klugh, of New Jersey, and Rev. I. H. Hampton, of Russellville, Ala., made the opening prayer. Rev. Dr. G. L. P. Taliferro, chairman of the local committee,

was introduced by Rev. Dr. Morris. The Director of the Department of Supplies, Frederick Shoyer, was present, representing Mayor Weaver, and extended a welcome to the delegates.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Phillips, pastor of Shiloh Baptist Church, extended a welcome on behalf of the Negro Ministerial Baptist Union; Rev. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper, Rev. Dr. George E. Rees and Rev. Dr. J. E. Bennett, on behalf of the white Ministerial Baptist Conference; Rev. Dr. E. W. Johnson, the Pennsylvania Baptist State Convention; John S. Trower, the Pennsylvania State Baptist Sunday School Convention; Rev. Dr. G.

L. Blackwell, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Churches; Rev. S. P. Hood and Rev. J. S. Stansberry, the Philadelphia African Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Association; G. E. Dickerson, the Baptist laymen.

Rev. Dr. Morris delivered his annual address. He said in part:—

"Fitting it is that our meeting should be held in this city, the first capital of the nation, and in this hall where the unanimous voice of the people representing a great political party was heard in

tion Proclamation broke the shackles from the limbs of our race in this country, and I think I can say with assurance that those two acts constitute the brightest gems upon the pages of American history. Our coming together at this time and place is of great importance.

"While we would not pass with indifference the many serious problems that concern us as a race, which problems of necessity concern the whole nation, our mission here is higher than that which concerns any race or nation."

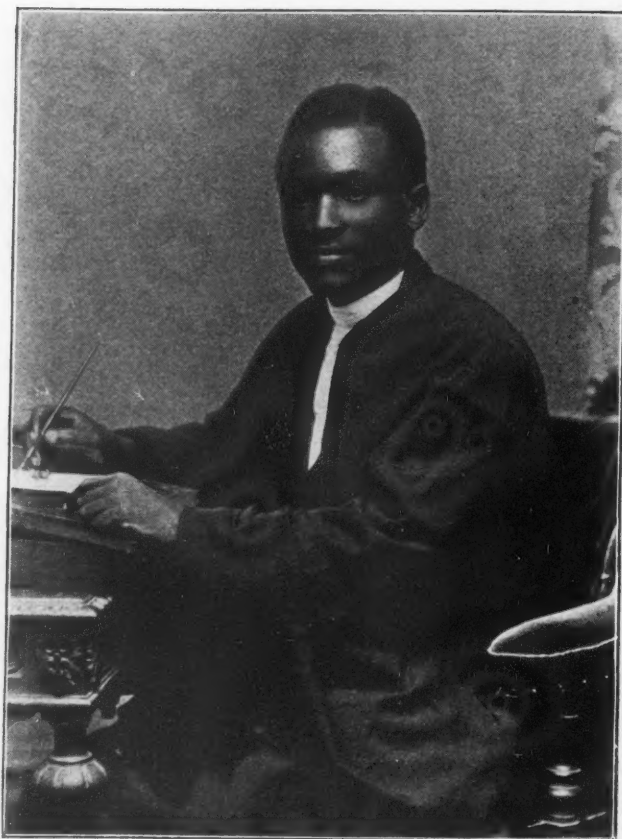


MISS N. H. BURROUGHS, A.M.,
Corresponding Secretary Woman's Convention.

naming as its choice for President the immortal William McKinley. We are now almost within the shadow of old Independence Hall, where the declaration setting forth the independence of the country and affirming that all men are created equal was signed and became the corner stone of the greatest Republic in the world.

"One hundred and twenty-seven years have passed into history since the adoption of that immortal instrument, forty years have passed since the Emancipa-

"Let us consider," he said, "that most of the blood-curdling outrages committed against the pure womanhood of the country are charged to members of our race; and no matter if the persons against whom these charges are made do come from the lowest element of the race, there is room to consider whether or not we have made sufficient effort to restrain that element that is bringing disgrace to the race and shame on the country. I am sure there is no sympathy in the breast of any true man for the



DR. MOJOLA AGBELI,

WEST AFRICA.

See page 783.

wretch who has fallen so low as to commit an outrage against any woman. It should be the verdict of all true men that every woman shall be safe in her person from the attack of any brute, white or black, no matter whether she be in her quiet home, in town or city, or walking along a country road. Every man everywhere should be made to know that to commit an assault upon the innocent womanhood of the country means that the strong arm of the law is to be exercised upon him without reserve.

"As the representative of the largest church organization among our people we cannot ignore the responsibility which the Lord has put upon us to lift up our people to a standard of Christ-

ianity which, when attained, will make impossible the heinous crimes with which so many hitherto have been charged. Fifty per cent. of the entire race in this country are members of Christian churches, and half of that number are in Baptist churches—which fact throws much of the responsibility of training the masses directly upon us.

"In this connection I would admonish you to be encouraged. Do not lose hope of the ultimate exaltation of the race. True, we are passing through the fires of persecution, but these may be of divine ordering, for aught we know, that we may be brought nearer to Him who rules in the destiny of nations."

The popularity of Booker T. Wash-

ington as a leader of his race received ample demonstration. The fact that he was booked to speak before the Colored Baptists' Convention created a crush in the Exposition Building second only to the throng that assembled at the convention that nominated McKinley for the presidency. Hundreds left, bitterly disappointed because they were unable to get within even sound of his voice. Chairs were overturned by those pressing in from behind, and converted into kindling wood.

The ovation that greeted him at the beginning and end of his address was tumultuous. Hundreds pressed forward as he concluded, eager to shake his hand. When he had spoken, interest ceased, so far as the rest of the program was concerned, and the hubbub was so great that it was impossible to hear what the speakers had to say.

To make himself heard Mr. Washington had to exert his voice to the utmost, and the strain was terrific. His remarks were along the same general line of advice that has made his utterances on the race question matters of moment, of interest and of value. Among other things he preached the importance of economy to the colored man. The latter, he said, is apt to imitate the white man in his manner of living, forgetful that he has not the white man's backing.

When the white man goes to sleep he is still receiving an income from his rents and his mortgages, in many instances, against the black man's farms. With us, when we sleep, there is "nothing doing." The black man forgets that he must come up by education and progress to where the white man already stands.

"I will set no limit," he asserted "to the Negro in art or science, but he must get some foundation upon which to rise. The problem confronting us to-day is not the one of fifty years ago. Then it was destruction, now it is one of con-

struction." Continuing, he spoke in strong deprecation of the idea that the Negro's ballot can be bought for a price, as a blot on the entire race. He wants to get in the position where, if a man offers to purchase his vote, he can hurl the offer back as an insult. The Negro should seek in every possible way the friendship of those around him. It is a hard thing to make a Christian of a hungry man, whether he be white or black.

"We are often discouraged about the conditions that surround us," he said, "but George Kennan asserts that the Negro in the South has made three times the progress in the same length of time as has the Russian serf. They cast sticks and stones at us to-day. If we were not valuable they would not cast stones at us. The Negro preachers should be the guides and teachers of the race on all questions affecting them, and not flatter them.

"This great national denominational gathering is a credit to the race and will remain so just as long as you can keep the crab out of it. That is the kind of Christianity we must practice, the kind of morality that makes us useful as a people and a race. With the gospel of the farm, the hammer, the saw, the shop and the building of houses, we are doing our best to blast out the stone for the building of the foundation, and the Lord is always with us."

"The Leopard's Spots," and other works of Thomas Dixon, dealing with the race question, were roundly denounced at the morning session of the convention. Resolutions were passed amid great applause condemning his works as responsible for seriously and almost irreparably injuring the hopes and possibilities of the colored race by so "fanning the flames of prejudice and ill-feeling of our white friends in every nook and corner of the land that condi-

tions have become alarming." Rev. Sutton E. Griggs, of Nashville, Tenn., was requested by the convention to prepare for publication a work correcting and refuting the objectionable statements made by Dixon in "The Leopard's Spots." Another resolution on the lynching question, condemning mob violence, was also passed.

✓ Home mission work and education furnished the principal subjects for addresses at the day sessions. Rev. L. C. Simon, of Louisiana, spoke on "How to Increase the Attendance of Young Men at Church Services." "The Field Work of the Home Mission Board" was ably explained by Rev. William Beckham, D.D., and Rev. R. C. Fox, of Pittsburg, told of "Auxiliary Movements as Aids in Baptist Churches." Among the other speakers were Rev. A. C. Powell, of Connecticut; Rev. P. Diggs, of Texas; Rev. C. M. Cartwright, of North Carolina; Rev. L. J. Green, of Alabama; Rev. C. H. Parrish, of Kentucky, and Rev. C. B. Brown, of Arkansas.

Reforms for the race were taken up at the sessions of the Woman's Auxiliary, held in the same building. Among the subjects discussed were "The Evil Effects of the Dress Craze Upon Young Women," "Reaching the Unreached" and "Building a Race."

The best methods for the education, civilization and christianization of the colored race were discussed at considerable length by the National Baptist Convention in the Exposition Building. The question of what to do with the Negroes, their training in this country, and South Africa as their future dwelling place, was the feature of the second day's session, and was brought prominently before the big audience by Rev. Dr. S. E. Griggs, pastor of the First Baptist Church of East Nashville, Tenn., in an address on "The Outgoing Mission-

aries, and What Next?" Portions of the address were enthusiastically approved.

Dr. Griggs said that there was deep-rooted dissatisfaction among the Negroes over certain propositions that had been made for the supposed uplifting socially and morally of the people of the race. In advocating Africa as the future home of his people should they be forced out of this country, he stated that the Negroes in that far-off country should be "educated, civilized and Christianized."

"They must be educated," the speaker declared, "and then civilization will come with religion, which is the great cementing force that binds the people together. If the Negroes were compelled to leave America they would naturally turn their thoughts to their native home. Then the colored people of South Africa would not be able to receive them as they should. The colored people of this country would look down upon their own people in South Africa just in the same way as the white people of the South look down upon the Negro of to-day. The coming of the foreigners to Africa has raised a very serious race problem, which more closely affects this country than some people seemed to think. If the Africans were educated and civilized they could appeal to the Governors and to the white people in general for fair treatment and a redress of their wrongs.

"Therefore the education, civilization, and christianization of the natives of Africa bear a good deal on the conditions and problems which might, nay, are bound, I think, to arise in the United States in the very near future. We cannot foretell what is to be. In God's Providence, if He so wills it, we will have to seek another home. We have fought in the wars here, but times are changed, and are daily changing. In the South there is a deep interest being

taken in the African proposition. and in the love of the Negro for his native land. Of course, like the Egyptians, we want to stay here as long as we can, and imbibe the principles of the civilization of the white man. But the sign is in the sky; the approaching problem must be grappled with, and the time has now arrived for this convention to take a deeper interest in the great and serious problems confronting us as a race."

It is said that the proposition of Rev. Dr. Griggs will be further considered, and that his father, Rev. Dr. A. R. Griggs, Superintendent of Missions for the State of Texas, will probably be appointed as a Commissioner to go to Africa to investigate affairs, study conditions and arrange plans in view of the growing desire of many of the colored people of America to make it their future home.

Before closing the last session the delegates to the Negro Baptists' Association passed a resolution thanking the management of the Exposition Building, the residents, and the press of Philadelphia for the kindness shown to them in their six days' meeting.

It was decided to hold the convention next year at Austin, Texas. A vote of thanks was extended to the managers of the St. Louis Exposition for inviting the Association to hold next year's convention in that city. The managers offered to set apart a special day for Negro Baptists. Accompanying the invitation was a letter from Mayor Wells, of St. Louis.

Dr. C. C. Morris was re-elected president of the Association. He has held the office for nine years. Most of the delegates left for their homes September 24. Those who remained attended a reception that evening in Holy Trinity Church, Eighteenth and Bainbridge Streets.

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Among the eminent clergymen who came from afar to attend the twenty-third annual session of the National Baptist Convention, which was held in Philadelphia, was the Rev. Dr. Mojola Agbebi, M.A., of Lagos, West Africa.

Dr. Agbebi comes from one of the most interesting sections of famed Africa. Had not the cruel, crafty hand of the slave trader devastated the thriving little kingdoms of Africa's west coast, to-day we might have seen a black empire as powerful as Abyssinia, and a ruler less unfortunate than Theodore, more aggressive than King John, or equally as famed as Manelik.

Dr. Agbebi belongs to the Ekiti Tribe, being born of poor but honest parents in the up-countries of the Lagos Protectorate, April 10, 1860. As a reformer, he is described as being most practical and progressive. As a poet he has written one of the most phenomenal pieces ever attempted in West Africa. He is an orator, and an unflagging supporter of the press. Unweighted by denominational cant or sectarian bias, he preaches the doctrine of religious independence and practical righteousness to his people. From a sermon delivered at the celebration of the first anniversary of the African Church, Lagos, West Africa, December 21, 1902, the following is an extract:

"European Christianity is a dangerous thing. What do you think of a religion which holds a bottle of gin in one hand and a Common Prayer in another?, which carries a glass of rum as a vademecum to a holy hymn-book, of religion which points with one hand to the skies, bidding you 'lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,' and while you are looking up, grasps all your worldly goods with the other hand, seizes your ancestral lands, labels your forests, and places your patrimony under inexplicable legislations?

"We must use the appliances that 'God and nature have put into our hands.' The vernacular of a country is the proper vehicle of thought of that country. Cultivate and make effective use of your mother-tongue." Dr. Agbebi believes that Africa should have a separate personality. Alien influences have done much to jeopard the health and morals of the natives.

The West Africans now resident in London tendered a dinner in honor of the Prince of African scholars, Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, L.L.B., at the fashionable Holborn Restaurant, on August 15, 1903. In his speech he said:

"We must strive to cultivate the better sense for Africa which our fathers possessed—a sense superior to transient interests and foreign glitter, which forms a degrading aberration. We must not barter the sacredness and veneration which hang over and sanctify the tombs of our fathers for the glamor of alien popularity."

Furthermore, Dr. Blyden wrote to Rev. Agbebi, on reading his sermon in the Sierra Leone "Weekly News," that this was the first instance he had known "of a native African, racy of his soil, imbued with European culture, uttering views so radically different from the course of his training, but intrinsically African, and so valuable for the guidance of his people."

The Lagos country is south of Dahomy, along the Atlantic Ocean, that portion commonly called the Gold Coast. The country has a vast territory, and is very populous; three religions are prevalent: the heathen, the Mohammedan, and the Christian. There are a number of tribes, among them the Yoruba, Oyo, Ibos, and the Ekiti. The natives are skilled artisans, working in gold, silver, and iron; besides they weave from a native silk-worm cocoon a beautiful cloth on a loom, which they call samyan cloth.

The Ekiti tribe is the most powerful, being sixteen kingdoms united into a confederacy. The city of IleIfe, the Eden of the country, contains unaccountable evidence of human skill and genius. The sculptured rocks of ancient glory give evidence of a civilization in a section of Africa that might prove a paradise to the ethnologist. These hewn rocks portray the past of Africa, even in the features of the characters. In the same place huge anvils hewn from rocks and stone hammers too heavy for man to lift rest upon them, while around them are large and small pebbles, as though they were placed there to represent sparks. This is the country from which Rev. Agbebi hails.

Dr. Agbebi visited England in May, 1902, and in August of this year. During his visit to Liberia and Sierra Leone, he was received with marked attention. On his visit to England he met with the sympathy of many friends, and with the warm support of many societies interested in his work. While in England he visited the training school for young Africans in Wales. At a Durbar of Chiefs, held at Ifon in Southern Nigeria, in 1902, for the purpose of forming a new district of the Nigerian Government, several kings and chiefs were invited, that the matter might be explained. Among them were Mr. Raikes, colored, formerly from the West Indies, and Mr. Harcourt, the acting president of Banin city. The several kings and chiefs were there, attended by their retinue, prominent among whom was the King of Owo, who went to Ifon with an escort of five hundred people and all of his big chiefs. He appeared at the meeting with splendor, and took, by consensus of native opinion, the first place in this general assembly of princes. He sat on an elevated dais, under a gorgeous canopy, with large and stately umbrellas to the right and left of him, the ground under him and

all around being covered with beautiful carpets, rich velvets and fine silks. He had two Bibles with him, one on his right and another on his left. In front of him was displayed a life-like portrait of the Rev. Agbebi, who early in the year of 1902 visited him and organized a mission in his city. He wore on his head a magnificent crown of rare coral beads, and his praises were being sounded by drums and trumpets of various descriptions.

Dr. Agbebi has done practical mission work at New Culabar, on the Niger. On his last visit to that place he baptized no less than seventy souls, dedicated one chapel, organized two churches, licensed two preachers, and established a school. Dr. Agbebi then went down the river and visited the plantations far and near, going day by day, making suggestions and recommending marketable plants and trees. He then visited the Ibos, who are elephant hunters, handicraftmen, artificers, manufacturers, farmers, and traders.

While at Lagos, Dr. Agbebi supports himself by writing for the press, and partly by the free-will offerings of his congregation. His wife, also considerably imbued with missionary enthusiasm as himself, co-operates with him in all of his efforts, and by doing a small trade supplements in an appreciable measure the growing needs of their large family. And, though not generally known, she was the introducer of soda ash into the Lagos trade, which ultimately has been taken up by people far inland.

Dr. Mojola Agbebi is Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and Corresponding Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance. He is a Foundation Member of the Lagos Institute, and also President of the Native Baptist Union of West Africa, comprising twenty churches and schools,

seventeen ordained and unordained ministers, 1,600 members, twenty-five church officers, 500 Sunday scholars, 700 week-day pupils, 2,700 worshippers, and embracing Yosubaland, Fantiland, Sierra Leone, Iboland, Dullaland, or the Cameroons. He publishes a sheet almanac annually. Dr. Agbebi's life is wrapped up in his African work; he is a vegetarian, and is noted for his sterling virtues.

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One of the most interesting features of the great Convention was the meetings held by the women workers connected with the Baptists. The third annual report of the Woman's Convention, Auxiliary to the National Baptist Convention is in many respects a remarkable document, and shows conclusively that this has been a year of unparalleled growth with them. More new missionary societies have been organized than in the past two years combined. More tracts have been distributed, more homes visited, more addresses delivered, more hearts cheered. But of greater significance than all else to the public at large is the drawing together of the Afro-American women and their African sisters, as shown in this Report.

One of the strongest, longest, and loudest appeals made in this meeting, is to the thousands of sceptre swayers in the homes. The appeal is to the very heart of our family and social life, mothers.

We wish to appeal to three million mothers in whose hands lie the plastic clay that must mould and shape thousands of lives; women who sit at the potter's wheel to mould vessels for the world's use. We beg that you realize first, that the character and destiny of an entire race is at stake, and sanctified hands and consecrated hearts must shape these vessels. We need women in our homes who will develop for us the

best material for the Master's Kingdom. We need homes, Homes, not palaces, not rented or leased shelters, but homes. They may be humble cabins or palatial residences, but we need those places of abode, those places of protection, those places too sacred to be polluted by card playing, beer drinking, dances and songs that degrade and weaken, rather than inspire and strengthen.

We need homes, so sacred that those who enter will feel that they stand on holy ground, made sacred by mothers, whose souls thirst for the beatitudes of heaven and whose lives are bound in loving service for the Master. Such homes make men better; pure and lasting their control. Homes with pure and bright surroundings leave impressions on the souls. We need women in our homes who will teach our youth that though they may be chained by unfavorable environments, that they can break the chains. If they live upright, they can burst from the prison house of ignorance and poverty, if they will pay the cost in acquired knowledge and industry.

Every mother can become a benefactor to the race. It matters not how poor the mother if she possesses a character in which sobriety, honor and integrity, and every other wholesome virtue, hold sway; the children will inherit these divine gifts and rise up and call her blessed, as well as shed lustre on the family name. Mothers from the lowly walks of life, themselves unknown, have given to the world the best men and women. Character and worth do not confine themselves to kings and queens. All the heroes of history have not won their spurs on the battlefield. All the leaders of the races of earth have not come from the heights above, but they have invariably come from the depths beneath and have won their spurs, and have made their way to the front.

Many of the most noted women and men of the ages have been those who have come from the class of persevering poor. Richter penned his immortal "Hesperus" among pots and pans, while his aged mother was dividing her time between the cooking of scanty meals, and spinning for a small pittance with which to purchase the necessities of life. Hayne struggled heroically with adversity for many years. Burns was the son of a poor peasant. Poverty, pain, and the evil they learned to sport with. The immortal Wheatley and Douglas, Amanda Smith, and Francis Harper came from the bottom of the pit.

The world, while incessantly burying in oblivion the sons of the great and the wealthy, seems to find inexpressible joy in exalting the children of the lowly. She seems to delight in enriching the deserving poor. Not mere capriciousness is this law of change, but energy, character, and worth. These qualities, wherever found, are reasonably certain to insure success.

Well might Harriet Beecher Stowe have said that "Douglas had as far to climb to get to the spot where the poorest free white boy is born as that white boy has to climb to be President of the nation, and take rank with kings and judges of the earth." These men and women, with scores of others, held the key to the situation in that they had good mothers.

The mental, physical and moral strength of the women of any race will determine the strength of character of its youth. No race had a purer conception of the truthfulness of this statement than did the old Spartans, whose women were the embodiment of beauty of soul and body. And our civilization, as proud as we are of it, owes its pure conception of intellectual alertness and physical perfection to the Grecians. The Spartans regarded the influence of the mother so great, so sacred, that it was

law that the mother should train her children for seven years.

We pray that the mothers here may heed the divine injunction and "Train up the child in the way it should go."

EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Standing, as we do, for the highest development of Christian womanhood, we consider the education of our boys and girls of primary importance. We shall not ask for more schools, nor teachers, nor pupils. We must state, however, that every mother, regardless of circumstances, owes it to her son or daughter, to give him or her at least a common school education. Any mother who fails in this duty has neglected a very sacred obligation. We say this because the age in which we live demands that we at least be able to read and write intelligently.

We say this because the mother who fails in this duty, for any reason, brings to the world a child born out of season.

But our appeal here is not for more educated men and women, but our appeal is for a wiser use of the great supply we now have.

The records of the race will bear witness that there has been much misapplied and wasted material that could have been wonderfully used in building a great race.

The love for race service has not grown very rapidly. Our educated young men and women have not yet thrown their strength into the movements that make for our material growth in missionary and educational work.

There never was a greater fear of losing hold upon many of our brightest intellectual stars. We must call these young people to a more diligent co-operation in all movements that make for the development of our race. As

we have gone over the country we have been pained to find so many young people who are prepared by our schools for leadership, void of race pride that reveals itself in service. There is a shrinking from the public problems that must be solved by actual work. There is not the love for church and missionary work. In this charge, we refer, not to the excellent exceptions to be found in many of our churches and cities, but could we sound the clarion note here, that would awaken hundreds of educated young women and enlist them in our work, they would be factors felt in the uplifting of a struggling people. You remember the magnificent time in history when the revival of learning occurred. Scholars journeyed from city to city with the strange new passion upon them. Universities were born, literature leaped into life, humanity received its birthright, learning ceased to be a thing of the cell, and became the familiar figure of the mart and the parlor. Those were great days when famous universities were born in Germany, Italy, France, England and America. But the most majestic era since the Lord ascended, is the era which begun with the three students praying under the haystack, and closes with the student federation of the world; the era that saw fifty Cambridge and Oxford men offer to take up Bishop Hannington's work after he was martyred. There must come an awakening among the students of these institutions of ours, who will give us an era of missionary activity such as we have never seen.

Our schools are turning out excellent talent. Arkansas Baptist College, Virginia Seminary and College, State University, Eckstein Norton University, Gaudalupe, Central City, Howe Institute, Selma, Live Oak Institute, Curry School, Western College, and many others, have sent forth men and women of sterling character, who have stood like

mighty giants contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.

These men and women have entered the arena of thought and action and have played their part well and are now bearing many trophies. Because of the struggles through which we are passing, because of the ignorance and vice that masquerades in the credentials of our race history, no woman, intellectually prepared, should sit idly by and say, "There is nothing I can do."

Either by voice or pen or song, or prayer and labor it is your duty to give in service what you have received in training.

The education that does not draw out our love for service, that is not touched with the needs of an ignorant, dependent people, is a Christless, useless gift, that is a curse, rather than a blessing to the possessor. During the past year we have striven both in speech and print to rally our young women to duty and to service.

A campaign among our schools will doubtless inspire and enlist many. We shall pray and labor to that end.

In many cities visited, the social world has drawn so heavily upon the educated class that the churches have suffered therefrom. It seems that society gains many of our brightest intellectual stars. Women whose genius, virtue and service could write their names in the book of fame, are yearly lost in the social swim, and die unknown in the world of activity. If the education is sound it will prepare us for the duties of life rather than for the pleasures.

In this connection we must also appeal to our schools and teachers to aim as much as possible at the practical in their teaching. The material yearly turned out of our schools should be cast in moulds that will respond to use in the world's great field of activity. It is necessary to teach our young people to

know from the very start of their school life, that they are being trained to become servants for their people.

Mothers must assist the schools by educating their daughters for usefulness, not for admiration. External beauty fades, but beauty of the soul poured out in life and service, never.

Educate your daughters to be race servants, mothers and wives, rather than actresses, players, singers and dancers. We have already an abundance of creatures who can merely sing, play and dance, but not enough women who can pray, sing and walk upright. We would suggest that in every missionary society a special effort be made to enlist the young women of our churches, who are prepared to do good work if once brought into service.

We are glad to report to you the work we are trying to encourage in South Africa. We have the following letter to the Convention:

"Dear Sister Burroughs: We, the undersigned, have the pleasure of stating the African Baptist Women's work, as they asked us to do so. Before leaving Africa the leading members of the African Baptist Women's Meeting, known as 'The Mother of Africa,' came and asked us to put their work and desire before the American Baptist Women's Convention.

"1. Their Work.

"The East Griqualand Baptist Women's meeting under the Rev. Peter Thomas Mugqibisa: Culunca station, 35 members; Isinscago station, 40 members; Tyeni station, 38 members; Inbokotwe station, 12 members; Nscoto station, 9 members; Cingco station, 4 members; Cancele station, 30 members.

"The total membership of the East Griqualand Women's Meeting is 168 members, with Sister Emily Mugqibisa as the head of them.

"The Natal Baptist Women's Meeting under the Rev. F. Solani: Imbizana station, 43 members; Gcilima station, 25 members; Enyanisweni station, 54 members; Harding station, 60 members; Umjika station, 37 members; Umhlahlane station, 39 members.

"This 258 is the total membership of the Natal Baptist Women's Meeting, with Sister Sarah Solani as their head.

"The total membership of both sides! Under the Rev. Mugqibisa, 168; under the Rev. F. Solani, 258; total 426.

"Such is the work of the above named Baptist churches.

"2. Its Condition.

"Upon the whole, the Baptist Women's work is good and progressing; many have been saved and joined our Baptist Church through their efforts; they are doing the best they can to raise as much money as they can for the purpose of helping and take part in this work of the Lord's.

"3. Their Wish.

"They wish to be accepted by the American Baptist Women's Convention and work under its instructions. And that they at times appointed may send the reports of the work they are doing in South Africa to the Women's Convention of United States of America. That a constitution to lead them may be drawn for them, especially such a thing as the one we have seen, called 'Baptist Women's Pledge,' is very much needed to be sent them, and also pictures of the leading members of American Baptist Women's Convention. Such things will without doubt be helpful and encouraging to them, also will strengthen them in the work they are doing for the Lord on behalf of the African daughters.

"4. Their Object.

"It was not a little and an easy matter to decide what name must be given the

Baptist Women's Meeting, in order that its name may mean something, and at last it was decided that this women's meeting must be called, or known as 'The Mother of Africa.' Therefore, the object of this South African Baptist Women's Meeting is working forward to the salvation of the sons and daughters of Africa.

"Your brethren in America for the sake of the Africans.

"F. Solani.

"Peter Y. Mugqibisa."

The work in South America is still alive, but the women need information and inspiration. The request has come to us to visit the colonies, but the lack of means has prevented. Two of the missionaries are here, and they tell us that it is possible for us to do a great work if we could once stir the women of the Guianas and the West Indies.

Brother Solani, of South Africa, begs that this convention in session present him a Baptismal outfit. We ask, if possible, that this be done.

INDUSTRIAL WORK.

It was a special request from this body last year that we give much of our attention to developing the industrial side of our work. As we all know, this spirit can be kindled by talk, but practical work must keep it alive. The only way we can hope to practically and profitably teach the gospel of industry among women will be to organize industrial clubs all over the country. Every town of any size should have one. We mean a place where the women can meet, receive instructions in sewing, cooking, housework, nursing, millinery, and domestic arts.

During the fall we joined a movement here led by those who are interested in the perplexing servant girl problem and started the Penn. Institute of Domestic Science.

We have always believed that our women who work at service for a living ought to receive more attention at the hands of Christian women than they have. We said in our Cincinnati meeting that we ought to have a training school for our women. We said the same at Birmingham. We come now to this meeting saying the same louder than ever.

The majority of our women must work for a living. That same majority are not prepared to meet the demands of the hour for trained help. The consequences will be that they will be pushed from service and thrown upon us as loafers. The conditions in this city alone are appalling.

During 1901 an average of five Negroes came to Philadelphia each day. They came here to live. The Negro population is now more than seventy thousand. Many of these people are illiterate and ignorant. Most of them come from the rural district. The question arises, what are we to do with them?

The only thing to do is to help them overcome their ignorance, carelessness, and fit them to meet the stern demands of city life and service.

It is useless to continually look on with disgust while our women and girls go to ruin right before our eyes. The only way to help them is to throw ourselves into movements that make for their development.

If we mean to reach the great unreached army out yonder, we must allow our efforts to be enlarged to the circle of our duty. We are disposed to ever consider the cost. If these agencies for uplifting the people are properly managed, they will doubly pay for themselves. Such movements are of God and He has the women and the means to do all the work here suggested. All we need to be mindful of is, that we get

God's woman and put her where God wants her put, to be used as God wants her to be used. Our women should have the industrial training for several reasons.

First.—It is in keeping with the demands of the age.

Second.—It is a commodity that can find sale in any market.

Third.—It makes the possessor an independent, yet indispensable factor in the body politic.

Last year we had but one industrial club on our roll. This year we have seven, and many to whom we wrote have not yet reported.

These seven clubs have done good work. The plan is so simple and inexpensive to start with, and so fruitful thereafter that it would challenge the support of all progressive women.

The club over which we had oversight during the past year turned out from its millinery department fifty-four women, prepared to make any kind of hat worn by women. Ten took high art work in millinery, and many of these women are doing good business, and all of them are making hats for themselves and filling orders. Some have gone to other cities and, very successfully, taught the course in millinery. Nearly all of the hats worn by the best families in the city of Louisville are made by the women who took lessons in the millinery department of the Women's Industrial Club. We began the work in Cincinnati, and many are now hard at work preparing to do good business this fall. At Owensboro, Ky., one of our pupils very successfully taught a class, and made it possible for the Industrial Club there to attach the millinery department.

In the Domestic Science Department, we have been striving hard to impress every woman with the fact that if she is not a good cook and an all round

housekeeper, she is behind time. For quite two hundred years we were trained in this school, and yet after the days of slavery had passed, nearly every cook took refuge in the parlor, until today it is almost necessary to issue a search warrant to find a first-class, up-to-date cook. All over this country the cry comes for better service! In our homes there is a crying need for better housewives. Training, and training alone, will fill the demand.

We do not mean that all of our women will be cooks, and even if we were, it would be no disgrace; our mothers before us were cooks, and good ones at that, and we are no better than they.

Hundreds of us are able to have our cooking done; many hundreds more must cook for ourselves, while thousands, for years to come, must cook for others. Whether we have our cooking done, cook for ourselves, or for others, we should know how, for the knowledge that enables one both to know and to do, is true knowledge. There are other phases of domestic work that must be taught to make a woman all that she should be to sway the sceptre in any well-regulated home.

We have a class of twelve in training in our Domestic Science Department this year, and it is our hope that we may have many more to start a new class, at the opening of the school year.

Personal cleanliness has been another phase of the industrial work that has been given much attention. We cannot conceive of any industrious woman being dirty, even at her work. She need not be dressed up, but she can be clean from skin to dress. The gospel of soap and water has been well preached during this year, for we believe that cleanliness is next to godliness.

Sewing, darning, and patching were considered by our mothers as rare gifts.

But we have almost abandoned the arts. Our Missionary and Industrial Clubs are rendering good help in reviving the practice. We find that hundreds of Missionary Societies are engaged in quilt and garment making during the winter season, and much missionary money has come from the sales of garments and quilts. Every society ought to be doing some kind of needlework. While at the Tennessee Women's meeting, 1902, we were delighted to see the beautiful automobile quilt made by the Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church of Chattanooga. The Society at the Green Street Baptist Church, of Louisville, Ky., has done some good needlework, and is using the money to help carry on the Master's work. This means nothing more nor less than a consecration of heart and hand to His cause. Many of the garments sent to our missionaries were hand made, and made by the societies or persons sending them. Sewing, darning, patching, are arts in which we should become more skilled rather than abandon.

On Sunday afternoons in our club work we have always set aside an hour during the winter season to have heart to heart talks with the members. We have striven to make these meetings great faith and hope revivers to all classes. We preach the gospel of good cheer to those who toil throughout the week. Many women who work hard to maintain themselves, and often families, need just such encouragement, just such inspiration to make them keep their heads above the dark waves that beat and dash against them all the week. Our clubs are magnifying the nobility of cheerful, satisfactory service.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Before closing our report we would remind you that as a race we are passing through the crucial period of our

life in this country. There is but one thing for us as Christians to do. Let us obey God and plod on. We have tried to do nearly all that the American people have told us to do. We have sung all the songs they have written, and have written and sung some for ourselves; we have read nearly all of the books in science, art, and literature they have written, and have written some for ourselves; we have prayed all the prayers in their prayer books, and have prayed some prayers not to be found in any prayer book.

We have bought all the dry goods, hats, furniture, and notions they have made, and have made very few for ourselves. We have bought all the homes and farms we could under the circumstances. We have built all the new churches we could, and have bought many of their old ones. We have stopped going to hear their preachers and educated a ministry of our own. We have built schools and educated men and women to teach our youth. We have moved out of their log cabins and moved into our own homes. Under God, we have been trying to keep pace with American civilization, thinking that it is the desire of every American citizen that all who tread her soil be worthy, industrious, self-respecting men and women, full of potential energy. Yet it seems that in many sections, North and South, the powers that be are combining against us. But let us say to you here to-day, Be of good cheer. God is not dead, and who knows but that He is not even now preparing to smite this merciless nation because of her sins. Let us not grumble, let us do our best, let us act wisely at this hour. Let us not try even to revenge. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

The effort at this hour is simply to discourage us and make us give up the race. The wonderful progress under

the most adverse circumstances has confused our enemies, and they feel about for other methods of warfare with which to keep us back from the field where the other nations of the earth will meet and write out in golden deeds their equality, one with the other. They may call us to halt, while other races are allowed to pass on, they may deny us the privilege of going to school in some sections, they may make discriminating laws, and condone crime perpetrated upon us, they may deny us even the knowledge of God's laws and word, and thus try to hinder us from even getting to heaven, but let us say here that no laws, no lynchings, no outrages committed in a thousand United States, can defeat God's plan and purpose in taking hold of Ethiopia's hand, which He declared, before there was a United States, should be suddenly stretched forth unto Him.

A people that will stretch forth their hand unto God will feel God taking hold of their hand, leading them on to victory.

Be, therefore, of good cheer; God has the destiny of the nations of the earth in His own hands.

We have thus submitted to you our third annual report. With God's ever-abiding presence, the help, prayers and sympathy of friends, and our own feeble efforts, we have striven to be faithful to every trust. We have lost ourselves behind the work we have been chosen to do, feeling that we represented, not ourselves, but God, and nearly a million Negro Baptist women, who are laboring for the highest development of Christian womanhood.

Sisters, "the fulness of time has come, and we are called to service. Let the trumpet signal be heard all along the line. God has already sounded His signal and like the peal at Sinai, it is long and loud. The last precept and promise

of our Lord, which have inspired all true service and sacrifice, echo with new force and emphasis, louder and clearer, in the face of new openings and new victories. Blessed are we, if like Paul, we will be immediately obedient unto the heavenly vision."

Let us cease to contend over mere secular issues, personal differences and minor matters, and send forth, through our missionary societies, one mighty clarion call in God's name demanding consecrated capital and consecrated, wide-awake, aggressive women to stir the hearts and consciences of a slumbering sisterhood. In such an hour as we now face, not even prayer will suffice. For twenty years Negro Baptist Women have been lying on their faces asking God to open paths for them to do His work. Between us and the thousands who sit in darkness and ignorance lay a Red Sea, too broad to bridge, too deep to wade, too angry and stormy to cross. God has driven it back, and here is a dry highway. The waters that were a wall to obstruct are now a wall to protect.

What are we still lying on our faces

for, praying God for interposition? He says to Negro Baptist Women to-day, "Wherefore criest unto me? Go Forward." This is not a time to stop, not even to pray, for just now work is worship. Yes, work is worship. What James calls the energetic supplication, is just now the only acceptable prayer.

There are times when the best way to serve God and the world, too, is to get up from our knees, give our lives in actual service, and thus in part answer our own prayers. The chariot of God is ready, but notwithstanding it has a divine motor, it moves very slowly, because the stones are in the way, and professed Christians who would rather pray six months than work one, drag on it as dead weights.

Up from our knees, sisters! God calls us to duty and to loving service. Oh, that our very souls would sing in one mighty chorus:

"I am pressing on the upward way,
New heights I am gaining every day,
Still praying, as I onward bound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

AN AWFUL PROBLEM SOLVED.

JAMES DAVID CORROTHERS.

I.

The city, Washington, D. C.,
That day wuz in its glory—
It 'peared like Paradise to me,
All beauteous spread before me!

II.

An' arter trampin' heaps an' heaps,
I see, to crown my joys,
Whar Uncle Sammy Yankee keeps
His school fer witty boys.

III.

I rapped; Sam opened wide the door;
Invited me to come in.
Sez he: "In jest a minute more,
The boys'll be a-summin'."

IV.

So, I goes in, an' takes a seat;
Thinks I: "How nice this place is;
An' ain't it promisin' to meet
So many bright young faces?"

V.

I see two gents uv learned a'r
A-workin' in the room thar';
S'I: "Uncle Sam, who be them thar?
'Pears like I've seen 'em somewhar'."

VI.

"Them is our lecturers," he sez.
"Renown men in our nation,
The great Professor Prejudice,
An' Dr. Degradation."

VII.

S'I: "Whut them tryin' to do?"
Sez Sam: "To settle whut they're'n
doubt uv,
They're cuttin' up a colored man,
To see whut he's made out uv."

VIII.

"The plain fact is, you see, my guest.
To-day our lesson figures
On workin' out the plan that's best
To elevate the niggers."

IX.

"An' soon's we find the difference
Between the black an' white men,
It's plain to see, by common sense,
That things 'll start off right then."

X.

"Yes, I'm convinced," sez Prejudice,
"That we'll the line discover—
We'll strike it pretty soon, I guess;
Jest help me roll 'im over."

XI.

They found a heart, a brain, a soul—
P—— whispers, pale with wonder,
"D——, ef this is the man we stole,
We're snowed completely under!"

XII.

"Lor', look!" sez Degradation, "run!—
It's monstrously surprisin',
But, arter all that has been done,
The nigger is a-risin'!"

XIII.

An' then, I swan, you orter seen
Them thar' two fellers hurry
Outen that school-room, lookin' mean
An' quarrelin' like ole fury.

XIV.

I watched 'em long, uz they ferlorn,
Fur down the road wuz goin';
An' then I woke, an' it wuz morn—
The roosters wuz a-crowin'.

XV.

You see, I'd been nowhar' at all,
Except in bed, a-dreamin',
But still, I've let the story fall
Jest uz to me 't was seemin'.

XVI.

I never holds no malice 'g'in'
No one—one way ner 't other;
But still, it shorely ain't no sin
To dream an' tell it, brother.

"AS THE LORD LIVES, HE IS ONE OF OUR
MOTHER'S CHILDREN."

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

It was Saturday afternoon in a large Western town, and the Rev. Septimus Stevens sat in his study writing down the headings for his Sunday sermon. It was slow work; somehow the words would not flow with their usual ease, although his brain was teeming with ideas. He had written for his heading at the top of the sheet these words

for a text: "As I live, he is one of our mother's children." It was to be a great effort on the Negro question, and the reverend gentleman, with his New England training, was in full sympathy with his subject. He had jotted down a few headings under it, when he came to a full stop; his mind simply refused to work. Finally, with a sigh, he opened

the compartment in his desk where his sermons were packed and began turning over those old creations in search of something suitable for the morrow.

Suddenly the whistles in all directions began to blow wildly. The Rev. Septimus hurried to the window, threw it open and leaned out, anxious to learn the cause of the wild clamor. Could it be another of the terrible "cave-ins," that were the terror of every mining district? Men were pouring out of the mines as fast as they could come up. The crowds which surged through the streets night and day were rushing to meet them. Hundreds of policemen were about; each corner was guarded by a squad commanded by a sergeant. The police and the mob were evidently working together. Tramp, tramp, on they rushed; down the serpentine boulevard for nearly two miles they went swelling like an angry torrent. In front of the open window where stood the white-faced clergyman they paused. A man mounted the empty barrel and harangued the crowd: "I am from Dover City, gentlemen, and I have come here to-day to assist you in teaching the blacks a lesson. I have killed a nigger before," he yelled, "and in revenge of the wrong wrought upon you and yours I am willing to kill again. The only way you can teach these niggers a lesson is to go to the jail and lynch these men as an object lesson. String them up! That is the only thing to do. Kill them, string them up, lynch them! I will lead you. On to the prison and lynch Jones and Wilson, the black fiends!" With a hoarse shout, in which were mingled cries like the screams of enraged hyenas and the snarls of tigers, they rushed on.

Nora, the cook burst open the study door, pale as a sheet, and dropped at the minister's feet. "Mother of God!" she cried, "and is it the end of the wurruld?"

On the maddened men rushed from north, south, east and west, armed with everything from a brick to a horse-pistol. In the melee a man was shot down. Somebody planted a long knife in the body of a little black newsboy for no apparent reason. Every now and then a Negro would be overwhelmed somewhere on the outskirts of the crowd and left beaten to a pulp. Then they reached the jail and battered in the door.

The solitary watcher at the window tried to move, but could not; terror had stricken his very soul, and his white lips moved in articulate prayer. The crowd surged back. In the midst was only one man; for some reason, the other was missing. A rope was knotted about his neck—charged with murder, himself about to be murdered. The hands which drew the rope were too swift, and, half-strangled, the victim fell. The crowd halted, lifted him up, loosened the rope and let the wretch breathe.

He was a grand man—physically—black as ebony, tall, straight, deep-chested, every fibre full of that life so soon to be quenched. Lucifer, just about to be cast out of heaven, could not have thrown around a glance of more scornful pride. What might not such a man have been, if—but it was too late. "Run fair, boys," said the prisoner, calmly, "run fair! You keep up your end of the rope and I'll keep up mine."

The crowd moved a little more slowly, and the minister saw the tall form "keeping up" its end without a tremor of hesitation. As they neared the telegraph pole, with its outstretched arm, the watcher summoned up his lost strength, grasped the curtain and pulled it down to shut out the dreadful sight. Then came a moment of ominous silence. The man of God sank upon his knees to pray for the passing soul. A thousand-voiced cry of brutal triumph arose in

cheers for the work that had been done, and curses and imprecations, and they who had hunted a man out of life hurried off to hunt for gold.

To and fro on the white curtain swung the black silhouette of what had been a man.

For months the minister heard in the silence of the night phantom echoes of those frightful voices, and awoke, shuddering, from some dream whose vista was closed by that black figure swinging in the air.

About a month after this happening, the rector was returning from a miner's cabin in the mountains where a child lay dying. The child haunted him; he thought of his own motherless boy, and a fountain of pity overflowed in his heart. He had dismounted and was walking along the road to the ford at the creek which just here cut the path fairly in two.

The storm of the previous night had refreshed all nature and had brought out the rugged beauty of the landscape in all its grandeur. The sun had withdrawn his last dazzling rays from the eastern highlands upon which the lone traveler gazed, and now they were fast veiling themselves in purple night shadows that rendered them momentarily more grand and mysterious. The man of God stood a moment with uncovered head repeating aloud some lines from a great Russian poet:

"O Thou eternal One! whose presence
bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating
flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside
Being above all beings, Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none
explore."

Another moment passed in silent reverence of the All-Wonderful, before he

turned to remount his horse and enter the waters of the creek. The creek was very much swollen and he found it hard to keep the ford. Just as he was midway the stream he saw something lying half in the water on the other bank. Approaching nearer he discovered it to be a man, apparently unconscious. Again dismounting, he tied his horse to a sapling, and went up to the inert figure, ready, like the Samaritan of old, to succor the wayside fallen. The man opened his deep-set eyes and looked at him keenly. He was gaunt, haggard and despairing, and soaking wet.

"Well, my man, what is the matter?" Rev. Mr. Stevens had a very direct way of going at things.

"Nothing," was the sullen response.

"Can't I help you? You seem ill. Why are you lying in the water?"

"I must have fainted and fallen in the creek," replied the man, answering the last question first. "I've tramped from Colorado hunting for work. I'm penniless, have no home, haven't had much to eat for a week, and now I've got a touch of your d—— mountain fever." He shivered as if with a chill, and smiled faintly.

The man, from his speech, was well educated, and in spite of his pitiful situation, had an air of good breeding, barring his profanity.

"What's your name?" asked Stevens, glancing him over sharply as he knelt beside the man and deftly felt his pulse and laid a cool hand on the fevered brow.

"Stone—George Stone."

Stevens got up. "Well, Stone, try to get on my horse and I'll take you to the rectory. My housekeeper and I together will manage to make you more comfortable."

So it happened that George Stone became a guest at the parsonage, and later, sexton of the church. In that gold-mining region, where new people

came and went constantly and new excitements were things of everyday occurrence, and new faces as plenty as old ones, nobody asked or cared where the new sexton came from. He did his work quietly and thoroughly, and quite won Nora's heart by his handy ways about the house. He had a room under the eaves, and seemed thankful and content. Little Flip, the rector's son, took a special liking to him, and he, on his side, worshipped the golden-haired child and was never tired of playing with him and inventing things for his amusement.

"The reverend sets a heap by the boy," he said to Nora one day in reply to her accusation that he spoiled the boy and there was no living with him since Stone's advent. "He won't let me thank him for what he's done for me, but he can't keep me from loving the child."

One day in September, while passing along the street, Rev. Stevens had his attention called to a flaming poster on the side of a fence by the remarks of a crowd of men near him. He turned and read it:

\$1,500 REWARD!

"The above reward will be paid for information leading to the arrest of 'Gentleman Jim,' charged with complicity in the murder of Jerry Mason. This nigger is six feet, three inches tall, weight one hundred and sixty pounds. He escaped from jail when his pal was lynched two months ago by a citizen's committee. It is thought that he is in the mountains, etc. He is well educated, and might be taken for a white man. Wore, when last seen, blue jumper and overalls and cowhide boots."

He read it the second time, and he was dimly conscious of seeing, like a vision in the brain, a man playing about the parsonage with little Flip.

"I knowed him. I worked a spell

with him over in Lone Tree Gulch before he got down on his luck," spoke a man at his side who was reading the poster with him. "Jones and him was two of the smartest and peaceablest niggers I ever seed. But Jerry Mason kinder sot on 'em both; never could tell why, only some white men can't 'bide a nigger eny mo' than a dog can a cat; it's a natural antiperthy. I'm free to say the niggers seemed harmless, but you can't tell what a man'll do when his blood's up."

He turned to the speaker. "What will happen if they catch him?"

"Lynch him sure; there's been a lot of trouble over there lately. I wouldn't give a toss-up for him if they get their hands on him once more."

Rev. Stevens pushed his way through the crowd, and went slowly down the street to the church. He found Stone there sweeping and dusting. Saying that he wanted to speak with him, he led the way to the study. Facing around upon him suddenly, Stevens said, gravely: "I want you to tell me the truth. Is your real name 'Stone,' and are you a Negro?"

A shudder passed over Stone's strong frame, then he answered, while his eyes never left the troubled face before him, "I am a Negro, and my name is not Stone."

"You said that you had tramped from Colorado."

"I hadn't. I was hiding in the woods; I had been there a month ago. I lied to you."

"Is it all a lie?"

Stone hesitated, and then said: "I was meaning to tell you the first night, but somehow I couldn't. I was afraid you'd turn me out; and I was sick and miserable——"

"Tell me the truth now."

"I will; I'll tell you the God's truth."

He leaned his hand on the back of a chair to steady himself; he was trem-

bling violently. "I came out West from Wilmington, North Carolina, Jones and I together. We were both college men and chums from childhood. All our savings were in the business we had at home when the leading men of the town conceived the idea of driving the Negroes out, and the Wilmington tragedy began. Jones was unmarried, but I lost wife and children that night—burned to death when the mob fired our home. When we got out here we took up claims in the mountains. They were a rough crowd after we struck pay dirt, but Jones and I kept to ourselves and got along all right until Mason joined the crowd. He was from Wilmington; knew us, and took delight in tormenting us. He was a fighting man, but we wouldn't let him push us into trouble."

"You didn't quarrel with him, then?"

The minister gazed at Stone keenly. He seemed a man to trust. "Yes, I did. We didn't want trouble, but we couldn't let Mason rob us. We three had hot words before a big crowd; that was all there was to it that night. In the morning Mason lay dead upon our claim. He'd been shot by some one. My partner and I were arrested, brought to this city and lodged in the jail over there. Jones was lynched! God, can I ever forget that hooting, yelling crowd, and the terrible fight to get away! Somehow I did it—you know the rest."

"Stone, there's a reward for you, and a description of you as you were the night I found you."

Gentleman Jim's face was ashy. "I'll never be taken alive. They'll kill me for what I never did!"

"Not unless I speak. I am in sore doubt what course to take. If I give you up the Vigalantes will hang you."

"I'm a lost man," said the Negro, helplessly, "but I'll never be taken alive."

Stevens walked up and down the room once or twice. It was a human life in his hands. If left to the law to decide, even then in this particular case the Negro stood no chance. It was an awful question to decide. One more turn up and down the little room and suddenly stopping, he flung himself upon his knees in the middle of the room, and raising his clasped hands, cried aloud for heavenly guidance. Such a prayer as followed, the startled listener had never before heard anywhere. There was nothing of rhetorical phrases, nothing of careful thought in the construction of sentences, it was the outpouring of a pure soul asking for help from its Heavenly Father with all the trustfulness of a little child. It came in a torrent, a flood; it wrestled mightily for the blessing it sought. Rising to his feet when his prayer was finished, Rev. Stevens said, "Stone,—you are to remain Stone, you know—it is best to leave things as they are. Go back to work."

The man raised his bowed head.

"You mean you're not going to give me up?"

"Stay here till the danger is past; then leave for other parts."

Stone's face turned red, then pale, his voice trembled and tears were in the gray eyes. "I can't thank you, Mr. Stevens, but if ever I get the chance you'll find me grateful."

"All right, Stone, all right," and the minister went back to his writing.

.

That fall the Rev. Septimus Stevens went to visit his old New England home—he and Flip. He was returning home the day before Thanksgiving, with his widowed mother, who had elected to leave old associations and take charge of her son's home. It was a dim-colored day.

Engineers were laying out a new road near a place of swamps and oozy ground

and dead, wet grass, over-arched by leafless, desolate boughs. They were eating their lunch now, seated about on the trunks of fallen trees. The jokes were few, scarcely a pun seasoned the meal. The day was a dampener; that the morrow was a holiday did not kindle merriment.

Stone sat a little apart from the rest. He had left Rev. Stevens when he got this job in another state. They had voted him moody and unsociable long ago—a man who broods forever upon his wrongs is not a comfortable companion; he never gave any one a key to his moods. He shut himself up in his haunted room—haunted by memory—and no one interfered with him.

The afternoon brought a change in the weather. There was a strange hush, as if Nature were holding her breath. But it was as a wild beast holds its breath before a spring. Suddenly a little chattering wind ran along the ground. It was too weak to lift the sodden leaves, yet it made itself heard in some way, and grew stronger. It seemed dizzy, and ran about in a circle. There was a pale light over all, a brassy, yellow light, that gave all things a wild look. The chief of the party took an observation and said: "We'd better get home."

Stone lingered. He was paler, older.

The wind had grown vigorous now and began to tear angrily at the trees, twisting the saplings about with invisible hands. There was a rush and a roar that seemed to spread about in every direction. A tree was furiously uprooted and fell directly in front of him; Stone noticed the storm for the first time.

He looked about him in a dazed way and muttered, "He's coming on this train, he and the kid!"

The brassy light deepened into darkness. Stone went upon the railroad track, and stumbled over something

that lay directly over it. It was a huge tree that the wind had lifted in its great strength and whirled over there like thistledown. He raised himself slowly, a little confused by the fall. He took hold of the tree mechanically, but the huge bulk would not yield an inch.

He looked about in the gathering darkness; it was five miles to the station where he might get help. His companions were too far on their way to recall, and there lay a huge mass, directly in the way of the coming train. He had no watch, but he knew it must be nearly six. Soon—very soon—upon the iron pathway, a great train, freighted with life, would dash around the curve to wreck and ruin! Again he muttered, "Coming on this train, he and the kid!" He pictured the faces of his benefactor and the little child, so like his own lost one, cold in death; the life crushed out by the cruel wheels. What was it that seemed to strike across the storm and all its whirl of sound—a child's laugh? Nay, something fainter still—the memory of a child's laugh. It was like a breath of spring flowers in the desolate winter—a touch of heart music amid the revel of the storm. A vision of other fathers with children climbing upon their knees, a soft babble of baby voices assailed him.

"God help me to save them!" he cried.

Again and again he tugged at the tree. It would not move. Then he hastened and got an iron bar from among the tools. Again he strove—once—twice—thrice. With a groan the nearest end gave way. Eureka! If only his strength would hold out. He felt it ebbing slowly from him, something seemed to clutch at his heart; his head swam. Again and yet again he exerted all his strength. There came a prolonged shriek that awoke the echoes. The train was coming. The tree was moving! It was almost off the other

rail. The leafless trees seemed to enfold him—to hold him with skeleton arms. “Oh, God save them!” he gasped. “Our times are in Thy hand!”

Something struck him a terrible blow. The agony was ended. Stone was dead.

Rev. Stevens closed his eyes, with a deadly faintness creeping over him, when he saw how near the trainload of people had been to destruction. Only God had saved them at the eleventh hour through the heroism of Stone, who lay dead upon the track, the life crushed out of him by the engine. An inarticulate thanksgiving rose to his lips as soft and clear came the sound of distant church bells, calling to weekly

prayer, like “horns of Elfland softly blowing.”

Sunday, a week later, Rev Septimus Stevens preached the greatest sermon of his life. They had found the true murderer of Jerry Mason, and Jones and Gentleman Jim were publicly exonerated by a repentant community.

On this Sunday Rev. Stevens preached the funeral sermon of Gentleman Jim. The church was packed to suffocation by a motley assemblage of men in all stages of dress and undress, but there was sincerity in their hearts as they listened to the preacher’s burning words: “As the Lord lives, he is one of our mother’s children.”

POEMS.

A. GUDE DEEKUN.

THE VIOLIN.

Weird and eerie violin
 What spirit strange hast thou within,
 That from thy seeming empty shell
 Would man-forbidden secrets tell?
 What means the medley of their tones,
 The laughter, wailing, shrieking, groans;
 Then tender, whispering, sighing strain
 That sets us dreaming, causing pain
 And longings fierce for things unknown,
 For lives wrong spent to make atone;
 And changing swift to light and gay,
 With feet-compelling notes that sway
 And claim us to their revelous mood,
 Forgetting care with all its brood
 Of earthly ills that hold and thrall,
 Alike the portion of us all?
 Anon from 'neath thy quivering strings
 A thrilling, vibrant challenge rings,
 A pure, sublime, inspiring theme,
 Uplifting, nerving, till we seem
 With any fate prepared to cope,
 Through any fate prepared to hope.
 Weird and eerie violin,
 What spirits strange hast thou within?

SUSPENSE.

My heart is torn within me,
And my hair is turning gray,
For I've asked her if she'll have me,
And I don't know what she'll say.

The moonlit air was balmy,
And the boat was drifting slow,
And she looked so sweet and dainty
In her gown as white as snow,

That before I really knew it,
I had clasped her little hand,
Asked her—told her how I loved her,
Drew her closer—and—and—

Well, my heart is torn within me
And my hair is turning gray,
For I've asked her if she'll have me,
But I hope she'll say me nay.

OF ONE BLOOD.*

OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXIII.

Reuel Briggs, a young medical student, interested in mysticism, sees a face that haunts him. He attends a concert with his friend Aubrey Livingston, and there discovers in a negro concert-singer the owner of the mysterious face. He sees this woman again on Hallow Eve while playing at charms with a party of young people at Vance Hall, the home of Livingston's betrothed. Early the next morning he is called to attend the victims of a railroad disaster at the hospital. He finds among them the girl whose face haunts him, in a cataleptic sleep which the doctors call death. He succeeds in restoring her to consciousness, but with a complete loss of memory. She loses her identity as a negress. Reuel falls deeply in love with her. He finally restores her to health and determines to marry her, but finds his circumstances too straitened. Aubrey Livingston helps him out by offering to obtain for him a place in an expedition about to explore the ancient city of Meroe in Africa. Reuel accepts, but marries Dianthe before going on a two years' venture. After his departure Dianthe finds that Livingston is in love with her, and he acquires a power over her that she cannot resist. She agrees to fly with him against her will; but before the time set, they, with Molly Vance, go out canoeing and are overturned in the river, and all three are supposed to have been drowned.

The expedition reaches Africa. In crossing the Great Desert Reuel Briggs visits old ruins and is rescued from a leopard's claws by Vance. They are suspicious of Jim Titus, who pretended not to hear Briggs' call for help. They receive no letters from home after leaving England, and one night, by clairvoyant aid, Reuel reads a letter that Titus has received. That same night, by mediumistic power, Briggs describes the overturning of the boat containing Molly, Dianthe and Aubrey, on the Charles River months before. The caravan reaches Meroe, and letters reveal the death of Dianthe and Molly.

Reuel is sick for several weeks, and when he returns to health finds the expedition about to give up its search for treasure and return home. Wanders out one night while the camp is asleep and goes to the last pyramid. While exploring it he becomes unconscious. When consciousness returns he finds himself in a hidden city among the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians who await the return of their king. They claim Reuel as their expected monarch because of the royal birthmark on his breast,—a lotus lily. After this, under the name of Ergamenes, Reuel is betrothed to Queen Candace. He converses with Dianthe spiritually and learns of Livingston's treachery. While planning to escape from the hidden city, he hears a cry of distress. Charlie Vance and Jim Titus start to find Reuel, believing him lost in the pyramids. They are captured by Ai and confined in the palace. In endeavoring to escape, they find the hidden passage and treasure told of by Professor Stone. The treasure is guarded by serpents; they kill Titus. Reuel, aroused by the cry he heard, explores the passages of the palace and comes on Charlie Vance and the dying Jim, who tells him of Livingston's plot and warns him to rescue Dianthe.

Meanwhile Aubrey Livingston has married Dianthe, after proving to her the death of Reuel. During the honeymoon he drops a letter from Jim Titus, which Dianthe finds, thereby learning that Aubrey has lied to her and that her husband still lives.

Wandering in the woods, Dianthe is lost, and is rescued by old Aunt Hannah, a negress. Aunt Hannah tells her the story of her daughter, who was Myra, the mother of Aubrey Livingston, Reuel Briggs and herself. She thus learns that they are all of one blood, and that she has married both of her brothers. She loses her reason and attempts to poison Aubrey who, discovering her in the act compels her to drain the poisoned glass.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

'Twas a cold gray morning; the dawn of such a day as seems to wrap itself within the shroud of night, hiding the warm sun in its stony bosom, and to creep through time arrayed in mourning garments for the departed stars. Aubrey was up by the earliest glimpse of dawn. Uncertain what to do or where to go, he made a pretence of eating, sitting in solemn state in the lonely breakfast room, where the servants glided about in ghostly silence, which was too suggestive for the overwrought nerves of the master of all that magnificence. Fifty times he asked the maid for Mrs. Livingston. The woman told him she was ill,—not alarmingly so; no physician's services were needed, neither his own nor another's. He did not ask to see her, yet with a strange and morbid curiosity, he kept on questioning how she was, and why she kept her chamber, until the knowing laugh and sly joke about the anxiety of bridegrooms over the welfare of brides made the servants' quarters ring with hilarity. At length, tired of his aimless wandering, he said he'd go. His valet asked him where. He could not tell. "Pack up some things."

"For how long a time, sir?"

"I cannot tell, James."

"Shall I order the carriage?"

"Anything, something! A horse; yes. I'll have the swiftest one in the stable. A valise—no more; no, you need not come. I must be alone."

In Dianthe's room the attendants tread noiselessly, and finally leave her to enjoy her feigned slumber. She waits but the closing of the door, to spring from her couch with all the seeming energy of life and health. First she went to the window and flung wide the hangings, letting in a flood of light upon the pale, worn face reflected in the mirror. What a wondrous change was there! The

long white drapery of her morning robe fell about her like a shroud, yet, white as it was, contrasted painfully with the livid ash-hue of her skin. Her arms were thin and blue, her hands transparent; her sunny hair hung in long dishevelled, waving masses, the picture of neglect; the sunken, wan brow, and livid lips, the heavy eyes with deep, black halos round them—all these made up a ruined temple.

"When he comes he will not know me," she murmured to herself; then sighing deeply, turned and paced the room. What she thought of, none could say. She spoke not; never raised her eyes from off the ground, nor ceased her dreary walk for two long hours. She sometimes sobbed, but never shed a tear.

Here we drop the veil. Let no human eye behold the writhings of that suffering face, the torture of that soul unmoored, and cast upon the sea of wildest passion, without the pilot, principle, or captain of all salvation, God, to trust in,—passion, adoration of a human idol, hereditary traits entirely unbalanced, generous, but fervid impulses, her only guides. She knew that her spiritual person must survive the grave, but what that world was where her spirit was fast tending, only the dread tales of fear and superstition shadowed truth; and now, when her footsteps were pressing to it, horror and dread dogged every footprint.

Hour after hour elapsed alone. O, 'twas agony to be alone! She could not bear it. She would call her maid; but no, her cold, unimpassioned face would bring no comfort to her aching heart, aching for pity, for some cheering bosom, where she might sob her ebbing life away. The door opens,—and O joy! old Aunt Hannah's arms enfold her. For hours the two sat in solemn conference, while the servants wondered and speculated over the presence of the old witch.

At last night fell. "Mother," murmured the dying girl, raising her head from off her damp pillow, "every golden cloud is printed with the fleecy words of glory. 'I will return.'" She pointed to the golden clouds banking the western sky. "O, will our spirits come, like setting suns, on each tomorrow of eternity?"

For answer, the old woman raised her hand in warning gesture. There sounded distinct and clear—three loud, yet muffled knocks on the panel directly above the couch where Dianthe lay.

"'Tis nothing, mother; I'm used to it now," said the girl with indifference.

"You say 'tis nuffin, honey; but yer limbs are quiverin' wif pain, and the drops ob agony is on yer po' white face. You can't 'ceive me, chile; yer granny knows de whole circumstance. I seed it all las' night in my dreams. Vengeance is mine; I will repay. One comes who is de instrumen' ob de Lord." And the old woman muttered and rocked and whispered.

Whatever was the cause of Mrs. Livingston's illness, its character was unusual and alarming. The maid, who was really attached to the beautiful bride, pleaded to be allowed to send for medical aid in vain. The causes for her suffering, as stated by Dianthe, were plausible; but her resolve to have no aid, inflexible. As evening advanced, her restlessness, and the hideous action of spasmodic pains across her livid face, became distressing. To all the urgent appeals of her servants, she simply replied she was waiting for some one. He was coming soon—very soon and then she would be quite well.

And yet he came not. From couch to door, from door to window, with eager, listening ear and wistful eyes the poor watcher traversed her chamber in unavailing expectancy. At length a sudden calm seemed to steal over her; the in-

cessant restlessness of her wearied frame yielded to a tranquil, passive air. She lay upon cushions piled high upon the couch commanding a view of the broad hallways leading to her apartments. The beams of the newly risen moon bathed every object in the dim halls. Clear as the vesper bell, sounding across a far distant lake, strains of delicious music, rising and falling in alternate cadence of strong martial measure, came floating in waves of sound down the corridor.

Dianthe and Aunt Hannah and the maid heard the glorious echoes; whilst in the town the villagers heard the music as of a mighty host. Louder it grew, first in low and wailing notes, then swelling, pealing through arch and corridor in mighty diapason, until the very notes of different instruments rang out as from a vast orchestra. There was the thunder of the organ, the wild harp's peal, the aeolian's sigh, the trumpet's peal, and the mournful horn. A thousand soft melodious flutes, like trickling streams upheld a bird-like treble; whilst ever and anon the muffled drum with awful beat precise, the rolling kettle and the crashing cymbals, kept time to sounds like tramping of a vast but viewless army. Nearer they came. The dull, deep beat of falling feet—in the hall—up the stairs. Louder it came and louder. Louder and yet more loud the music swelled to thunder! The unseen mass must have been the disembodied souls of every age since Time began, so vast the rush and strong the footfalls. And then the chant of thousands of voices swelling in rich, majestic choral tones, joined in the thundering crash. It was the welcome of ancient Ethiopia to her dying daughter of the royal line.

Upspringing from her couch, as through the air the mighty hallelujah sounded, Dianthe with frantic gestures and wild distended eyes, cried: "I see them now! the glorious band! Welcome,

great masters of the world's first birth! All hail, my royal ancestors—Candace, Semiramis, Dido, Solomon, David and the great kings of early days, and the great masters of the world of song. O, what long array of souls divine, lit with immortal fire from heaven itself! O, let me kneel to thee! And to thee, too, Beethoven, Mozart, thou sons of song! Divine ones, art thou come to take me home? Me, thy poor worshipper on earth? O, let me be thy child in paradise!

The pageant passed, or seemed to pass, from her whose eyes alone of all the awe-struck listeners, with mortal gaze beheld them. When, at length, the last vibrating echoes of the music seemed to die away in utter vacant silence to the terrified attendants, Dianthe still seemed to listen. Either her ear still drank in the music, or another sound had caught her attention.

"Hark, hark! 'Tis carriage wheels. Do you not hear them? Now they pass the railroad at the crossing. Hasten, O hasten! Still they have a long mile to traverse. O, hasten! They call me home."

For many minutes she sat rigid and cold as marble. The trembling maid wept in silent terror and grief, for the gentle bride was a kind mistress. Old Aunt Hannah, with a fortitude born of despair, ministered in every possible way to the dying girl. To the great relief of all, at last, there came to their ears the very distant rumbling of wheels. Nearer it came—it sounded in the avenue—it paused at the great entrance, some one alighted—a stir—the sound of voices—then footsteps—the ascent of footsteps on the stairs. Nearer, nearer yet; hastily they come, like messengers of speed. They're upon the threshold—enter. Then, and not till then, the rigid lady moved. With one wild scream of joy she rushed forward, and Reuel Briggs clasped her in his arms.

For a few brief moments, the wretched girl lived an age in heaven. The presence of that one beloved—this drop of joy sweetened all the bitter draught and made for her an eternity of compensation. With fond wild tenderness she gazed upon him, gazed in his anxious eyes until her own looked in his very soul, and stamped there all the story of her guilt and remorse. Then winding her cold arms around his neck, she laid her weary head upon his shoulder and silently as the night passed through the portals of the land of souls.

CHAPTER XXIV.

'Twas midnight. The landscape was still as death. Hills, rocks, rivers, even the babbling brooks, seemed locked in sleep. The moonbeams dreamt upon the hillside; stars slept in the glittering sky; the silent vales were full of dreaming flowers whose parti-colored cups closed in sleep. In all that solemn hush of silence one watcher broke the charmed spell. 'Twas Aubrey Livingston. Now he moves swiftly over the plain as if some sudden purpose drove him on; then he turns back in the self-same track and with the same impulsive speed. What is he doing in the lonely night? All day, hour after hour, mile on mile, the scorching midday sun had blazed upon his head, and still he wandered on. The tranquil sunset purpled round his way and still the wanderer hastened on. In his haggard eyes one question seems to linger—"I wonder if she lives!"

Many, many dreary times he said this question over! He has a secret and 'tis a mighty one; he fears if human eye but look upon him, it must be revealed. Hark! suddenly there falls upon his ear the sound of voices, surely some one called! Again! His straining ear caught a familiar sound.

"Aubrey! Aubrey Livingston!"

"By heaven, it is her voice!" he told himself. And as if to assure him still more of who addressed him, close before his very eyes moved two figures. Hand in hand they passed from out a clump of sheltering trees, and slowly crossed his path. One face was turned toward him, the other from him. The moon revealed the same white robe in which he had last beheld her, the long, streaming hair, her slippered feet—all were there. Upon his wondering eyes her own were fixed in mute appeal and deepest anguish; then both figures passed away, he knew not where.

"'Twas she, and in full life. God of heaven, she lives!"

Pausing not to think he was deceived, enough for him, she lived. He turned his steps toward his home, with flying feet he neared the hall. Just as he reached the great entrance gates, he saw the two figures slightly in advance of him. This time Dianthe's face was turned away, but the silver moonbeams threw into bold relief the accusing face of Molly Vance!

With a sudden chill foreboding, he entered the hall and passed up the stairs to his wife's apartments. He opened wide the door and stood within the chamber of the dead.

There lay the peaceful form—spread with a drapery of soft, white gauze around her, and only the sad and livid, poisoned face was visible above it; and kneeling by the side of her, his first love and his last—was Reuel Briggs.

Rising from the shadows as Aubrey entered, Charlie Vance, flanked on either side by Ai and Abdadis, moved to meet him, the stern brow and sterner words of an outraged brother and friend greeted him:

"Welcome, murderer!"

Dianthe was dead, poisoned; that was clear. Molly Vance was unduly done to death by the foul treachery of the same

hand. All this was now clear to the thinking public, for so secluded had Aubrey Livingston lived since his return to the United States, that many of his intimate associates still believed that he had perished in the accident on the Charles. It was quite evident to these friends that his infatuation for the beautiful Dianthe had led to the commission of a crime. But the old adage that, "the dead tell no tales," was not to be set aside for visionary ravings unsupported by lawful testimony.

Livingston's wealth purchased shrewd and active lawyers to defend him against the charges brought by the Vances—father and son,—and Reuel Briggs.

One interview which was never revealed to public comment, took place between Ai, Abdadis, Aunt Hannah, Reuel Briggs and Aubrey Livingston.

Aubrey sat alone in his sumptuous study. An open book was on his knees, but his eyes were fixed on vacancy. He was changed and his auburn locks were prematurely grey. His eyes revealed an impenetrable mystery within into whose secret depths no mortal eye might look. Thus he sat when the group we have named above silently surrounded him. "Peace, O son of Osiris, to thy parting hour!"

Thus Ai greeted him. There was no mistaking these words, and gazing into the stern faces of the silent group Aubrey knew that something of import was about to happen.

Aubrey did not change countenance, although he glanced at Reuel as if seeking mercy. The latter did not change countenance; only his eyes, those strange deep eyes before whose fixed gaze none could stand unflinching, took on a more sombre glow. Again Ai spoke:

"God has willed it! Great is the God of Ergamenes, we are but worms beneath His feet. His will be done." Then began a strange, weird scene. Round and round the chair where Aubrey was

seated walked the kingly Ai chanting in a low, monotone in his native tongue, finally advancing with measured steps to a position directly opposite and facing Livingston, and stood there erect and immovable, with arms raised as if in invocation. His eyes glittered with strange, fascinating lights in the shaded room. To the man seated there it seemed that an eternity was passing. Why did not these two men he had injured take human vengeance in meting out punishment to him? And why, oh! why did those eyes, piercing his own like poinards, hold him so subtly in their spell?

Gradually he yielded to the mysterious beatitude that insensibly enwrapped his being. Detached from terrestrial bonds, his spirit soared in regions of pure ethereal blue. A delicious torpor held him in its embrace. His head sank upon his breast. His eyes closed in a trancelike slumber.

Ai quitted his position, and approaching Aubrey, lifted one of the shut eyelids. "He sleeps!" he exclaimed.

Then standing by the side of the unconscious man he poured into his ear—speaking loudly and distinctly,—a few terse sentences. Not a muscle moved in the faces of those standing about the sleeper. Then Ai passed his hands lightly over his face, made a few upward passes, and turning to his companions, beckoned them to follow him from the room. Silently as they had come the group left the house and grounds, gained a waiting carriage and were driven rapidly away. In the shelter of the vehicle Charlie Vance spoke, "Is justice done?" he sternly queried.

"Justice will be done," replied Ai's soothing tones.

"Then I am satisfied."

But Reuel spoke not one word.

One day not very long after this hap-

pening, the body of Aubrey Livingston was found floating in the Charles river at the very point where poor Molly Vance had floated in the tangled lily-bed. The mysterious command of Ai, "death by thine own hand," whispered in his ear while under hypnotic influence, had been followed to the last letter.

Thus Aubrey had become his own executioner according to the ancient laws of the inhabitants of Telassar. Members of the royal family in direct line to the throne became their own executioners when guilty of the crime of murder.

Reuel Briggs returned to the Hidden City with his faithful subjects, and old Aunt Hannah. There he spends his days in teaching his people all that he has learned in years of contact with modern culture. United to Candace, his days glide peacefully by in good works; but the shadows of great sins darken his life, and the memory of past joys is ever with him. He views, too, with serious apprehension, the advance of mighty nations penetrating the dark, mysterious forests of his native land.

"Where will it stop?" he sadly questions. "What will the end be?"

But none save Omnipotence can solve the problem.

To our human intelligence these truths depicted in this feeble work may seem terrible,—even horrible. But who shall judge the handiwork of God, the Great Craftsman! Caste prejudice, race pride, boundless wealth, scintillating intellects refined by all the arts of the intellectual world, are but puppets in His hand, for His promises stand, and He will prove His words, "Of one blood have I made all races of men."

(THE END.)

THE POWER OF EDUCATION.

SAMUEL BARRETT.

Some one has said that the Christian religion is the panacea for the world's greatest problems; that the religion taught and lived by the Great Teacher would not only ameliorate human suffering, but also create that long-awaited-for new heaven and new earth.

No man as he studies the life of the Master, and gleans from that life the many ethical truths and moral lessons He strove to teach, will doubt the truth of the assertion. True, the coming of the Christian religion was not hailed with joy but rather with a storm of opposition. Indeed the opposition was so strong against it that for centuries religious wars raged with unwonted fury and madness, so terrible and vindictive that the effects are felt even to this day. But it lived amid it all, and became the grandest thing in the world.

Opposition brings out what is truly great in an individual or a race. Those individuals or races who have riveted their names in human history, have been those races or individuals who have been trained in the school of adversity. Opposition is the key-note to progress. The overcoming of obstacles gives us a discipline and spirit of self-reliance and strength of character which is impossible to be gained in any other way. And so it is with every new idea or great movement which has for its object the enthronement of mankind. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood he was compelled to meet and bear the frowns and scorns of all the doctors in England. But to-day the mentioning of the name of Harvey calls not forth derision, but a respect akin to reverence. Principles are everlasting, and no amount of opposition can

change them one iota. It would be just as easy to stop the working of the law of gravitation on bodies descending through space as it would be to stop some great soul-stirring movement. Hence, men and women did not hesitate to lay down their lives in His name. Neither the dungeons of Rome nor the stake at Smithfield moved them. No sweeter sacrifice, no more angelic spirit of martyrdom, could ever have been enacted or ever will be enacted as long as the human race endures. These men and women, though dead, are just as much alive to-day in all those human interests, and in those uplifting agencies of the great Christian Church, as if they were still with us in the flesh.

If religion is the panacea for the world's greatest evils and the solution of all great worldly problems in business, etc., then education, with its transforming and uplifting power, comes second only to it. Men meet only on the heights. In the citadel of education have the fierce and unrelenting battles of the intellect been fought for truth. Education uplifts men. Contrast, if you please, a settlement in the heart of Africa with one in New England. The contrast is so striking in its unsimilarity that it hardly bears comparison. The one is unprogressive and steeped in ignorance and superstition, while the other is progressive, and represents the highest type of civilization. The civilization of the Caucasian has been produced largely, if not entirely, by Christian education.

Education lifts men heavenward. The man who becomes truly educated becomes less like a man and more like a god. It draws out the divine in hu-

man-kind. The educated slave is as great as the educated king. Education knows no social line. Power is what is needed to perform the work of the world. Education is power itself. The true education not only brings out what is greatest and noblest in the race, but it will also put us in the front rank of civilization. Gladstone, one of the greatest men of the century just ended, ascended the heights through that invisible power known as education. For more than a quarter of a century he was the recognized leader of British thought.

When I speak of education I speak not of education in the popular sense, but education beginning in the home including moral education as well as classical and industrial. And the broader and deeper education which comes from contact with the outside world, such an education, the practical, is not found within the school and college walls.

The cave man of English history, living in his hut, subsisting on whatever he could find by hunting and fishing, would be the same cave man to-day had not education found him. No race has ever risen in the scale of civilization, no race has ever left its impress upon the world, that was uneducated. Education is the motor power which carries in its train all those civilizing and beneficial agencies that distinguish the civilized man from the savage of the forest. The past rises before us like a vision. Where is the once powerful kingdom of Spain,—the country which could once boast of holding in her possession almost all of the North American Continent? A more lamentable case of fallen greatness has had few equals in the lives of nations. Had Spain laid greater stress on education, instead of bleeding her colonies for the yellow metal, had she striven to draw them to her by educating her colonists, she might have occupied to-day a commanding position among the nations of the earth.

Any nation that embarks on the rough and tempestuous sea of expansion should make it a settled policy to educate the inhabitants of that land. History will ever repeat itself in the downfall and extinction of empires as long as nations refuse to learn lessons from the past. A policy of self-aggrandizement must ever result in disappointed hopes and ambitions unfulfilled.

When the English founded their Oxford and Cambridge, then the true history of the English-speaking race began. It was the influence of the "new learning," which in turn was influenced by Oxford and Cambridge, that the great Reformation under the leadership of Luther had its inception and ultimate triumph. We who are blessed to live in English-speaking countries can fully appreciate the power of education as represented by Oxford and Cambridge in Luther's movement for toleration and freedom in religion. We might not have been able to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, had not education asserted its power. But the influence of these two schools did not stop in England; it spread itself over the continent of Europe, and from them, and others of similar character, were graduated some of the loftiest spirits that ever came into contact with man.

In a religious movement unsurpassed since the days of the Crusaders, John Wesley and George Whitfield established the great Methodist church, one of the leading religious bodies of Christendom. Educated intelligence moulds nations, and leads mankind.

The progress of any race depends upon its educated, trained, consecrated, unselfish leaders. Take away the educated leaders of the Anglo-Saxon, and who would read their history? The scholar must be the leader of the nation. It is they who must redeem America from all those threatening menaces that confront the nation. From the American

College must emanate reformers as courageous and as fearless for truth as those who came forth during the War of the Rebellion.

The most potent weapon a race can wield against the attacks of the rabble, against the attacks of foes within and foes without, lies in its institutions of the higher learning. Nor should education be opened to the few and denied to the many. Only will education wield that power and influence that it ought to wield when it is made possible for the humblest boy or girl in the Republic. Larger opportunity for each and for all comes with general education.

In the field of religion education has played a most important part. China with its four hundred millions of human souls, has been brought largely under the influence and sway of the followers of Jesus, and in almost every instance, it has been through the instrumentality of educated men and women.

A heroism rare, a courage rare, which could only result from a keen sense of duty, together with a trained intellect, that only could make men and women ever attempt to invade the strongholds of a heathen religion. China is vastly better to-day by the infusion of a living religion which enters into the life and character of the individual, than she could ever hope to be under the non-progressiveness of Confucianism. But education as represented by the Christian missionaries has not stopped in China. Japan has also been invaded, and a transformation has taken place in that country which seems almost incredible. But let us not forget the Dark Continent. By the wonderful self-abnegation of a host of missionaries the Dark Continent has been regenerated, and as the centuries go by we may yet see it take its place among the progressive peoples of the earth.

A consecrated intellect is one of the most sublime things in the world. It

laughs at seeming impossibilities when human want and human need are at stake. It cares nothing for the ravages of the plague, if a human soul can be saved. The classic Sumner, the versatile Phillips, the sympathetic Stowe, and the courageous Beecher were alike impervious to impending danger, when their helpless fellow-men were held in slavery, and the destiny of the nation hung in the balance.

Frances E. Willard gave up her life to an idea,—the idea of prohibition. But is the idea for which she labored and died lost? I think not. Although in her earthly life she did not realize her one central aim, yet she set in motion a current of thought so strong in favor of her idea that only time can measure its mighty influence.

Almost two centuries ago the present United States was a wilderness. To-day it is a garden. Technical education has kept abreast with the classical, and both have been doing nobly and well the work of the world. Day by day, year by year, the forces of education are drawing men and women together as never before in the great common tie of interest. The brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God are being realized more and more than ever before in the world's history. The great sociological problems of the day, the problem of the races, are all being slowly and surely solved by the power of education. The pessimist should begin to look more than ever before on the bright side of things, the optimist should be more cheerful than ever for the future of his country. The ignorant are being taught, the despised are being respected; hospitals for the sick, asylums for the feeble in mind, humane and considerate treatment in general are being emphasized more and more. What a contrast between the present and a hundred years ago!

In the solution of our various prob-

lems education must play an important part. What the Negro race needs to-day more perhaps than anything else is educated men and women who have race pride enough to unify and blend the race into one harmonious whole. As a matter of fact, the educated men of our race are not only narrow and selfish, but supremely egotistic. We lack in a large measure that broad, sympathetic feeling for one another which education should produce.

The future of the Negro in America is in his own hand. If he is unwilling or too selfish to use his training acquired in the various schools and colleges of the country, for the uplift of the race, noth-

ing can be hoped for the race but death. There can be no greater opportunity for the young College-bred Negro to uplift his race than what is now offered. The College man who has race pride, who loves his race, can erect a monument of good deeds which will last long after he has passed away. In this, the twentieth century, the ambition of every young Negro in the land should be to help his race to solve its difficult problems by associating with the beating heart of Negro humanity, giving words of kindness and doing deeds of loving sacrifice. Thus we should become help-meets to each other. Thus shall we bring the despised Negro up.

THE NEGRO'S SERVICE TO THE WORLD.

J. D. COOKE.

The historian of modern civilization has been culpably negligent in failing to observe and describe the black stream of humanity which poured into America from the heart of the Soudan; that stream has fertilized half the Western continent; it created commerce and influenced progress; it has effected culture and morality in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres.

The countless caravans and Dhow loads of Negroes who have been imported into Asia have not produced, so far as we know, any great historical results; but the slaves imported into America have profoundly influenced civilization. The political history of the United States is the history of the Negro; the commercial and agricultural history of America is the history of the Negro.

Africa in recent times has been made, incidentally, to confer important political

benefits upon Europe, and probably upon the entire civilized world.

Africa and Africans have rendered great service to humanity, if the principle laid down by Christ is that by which things are decided, viz., that he who would be chief must first become the servant of all,—thus we see the position the African must ultimately occupy, and we must admit that through serving man Ethiopia has been stretching out her hands unto God. See the wisdom and justice of God. While the Africans have been away from the ancestral home rendering service, their country has been kept for them; it is a very insignificant portion of the continent, after all, that foreigners have been permitted to occupy. And here we cannot fail to call attention to a fact which, in the intelligent Negro, undermines his admiration of Caucasian races,—that his race, numerically the weakest, has been,

through the ages, selected for oppression by other branches of the human family. If there are, according to present estimate, twelve hundred million human beings upon the earth, two hundred million are Africans. We have in the treatment Africans have received from the rest of mankind, a remarkable illustration of the advantage the strong one is prone to take of the weak; ten hundred million against two hundred million! Ten persecuting, abusing, ridiculing two. Tell me now, ye descendants of Africa, whether there is anything in ancient history of your African ancestors, in their relation to other races, of which you need be ashamed? Tell me, is there anything in modern history of your people, in their dealing with other races, of which you need be ashamed? Is there anything, when you compare yourselves with others, to disturb your equanimity, except the universal oppression, of which you have been the victims? And what are suffering and sorrow but necessary elements of the progress of humanity? Your suffering has contributed to the welfare of others. It is a part of the constitution of the universe that out of death should come life. All advances made to a higher future life by individuals or races, have been made through paths marked by suffering; this great law is written not only in the Bible, but in all history. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." We may say, then, in the language of the poet:—

"In all the ills we bore,
We grieved, we sighed, we wept,
We never blushed."

We could not blush physically, and we had no need to blush mentally or morally.

Among the beautiful legends which are scattered throughout ancient Jewish literature, is the following,—which

is not less applicable to us than to the Hebrew race:

When the Decalogue was given, the Israelites said to the Lord, "Thou forbiddest us to attempt life, the honor or the interest of our fellow-man, thou forbiddest us to lie, to covet, to return evil for evil, blow for blow, but if this prohibition is not addressed also to other nations of the earth, we shall become, alas, their victims." The Lord answered, "My children, when I created the lamb it came to me and said, 'O Lord, thou hast given me neither claw to tear with, nor teeth to bite with, nor horns to strike with, nor even swift feet to flee away with; what will become of me in the midst of other animals, if I am thus weak and defenceless?' and I answered the lamb, 'Would'st thou then prefer to thy feebleness the cruelty of the tiger or the venom of the serpent?' 'No, Lord,' answered me the lamb, 'I prefer my feebleness and my innocence, and I thank Thee that Thou hast made me rather the persecuted than the persecutor.' So thou, O my people Israel, thou shalt be a lamb in the midst of the nations. Let them tear thee, let them sacrifice thee; thy triumph shall be in thy calmness, in thy resignation, in thine innocence."

And here we must venture to enter our protest against the use of such phrases as "the despised and inferior race," which is so frequently used in books, pamphlets, and addresses by the Caucasian race. The Negro, now coming forward through education and culture, cannot have unlimited respect for all the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race and other races,—a people with a passion for taking away the paternal lands of others, and dignifying the robbery as "conquests," and whose systematic cruelty has been shown for ages in chaining, buying and selling another race. The intelligent Negro feels that the part of the oppressor is not less to

be despised than the part of the oppressed—that the part of man-stealer and man-seller and man-burner is far more contemptible than the man stolen or sold,—and history, then, as read by the thinking Negro, will not diminish the vehemence of his protest against the injustice of being regarded as belonging to a despised race, nor lessen the

grounds of his desire to reciprocate the disparaging sentiment; his hands are free from the blood of other men, he has not in any way oppressed other races; he has suffered, and that is all; he has been scattered and peeled, despoiled, plundered, abused, persecuted, and down-trodden, and that is all.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

The Y. M. C. A. Colored Branch of the Oranges, Orange, N. J., celebrated its thirteenth anniversary on Thursday evening, September 24. The services were held at St. Paul's A. M. E. Church. Ernest Johnson, of Orange, presided at the organ and piano. The vocal music was rendered by the choir of Mt. Olive Baptist Church, East Orange. Miss Mamie Grasty sang a solo, "The Dream of Paradise." Professor Dellagall, the choirmaster, had his choir in perfect trim and it is to-day one of the leading choirs of the Oranges. The Scripture was read by L. E. Hawkins, Secretary of the main Association, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. John F. Patterson, pastor of Central Presbyterian Church. The orchestra of the Brooklyn Colored Branch, Y. M. C. A., played two fine selections, which were heartily applauded. After remarks by Charles T. Kilborne, President of main Association, the Rev. J. E. Churchman, President of the Colored Branch, made his annual report, and heartily thanked the generous friends of the Colored Branch, especially

Charles T. Kilborne, A. W. Brigham, I. N. Burdick, J. D. Holmes, and others, for their hearty moral and financial support in the work. Mr. Kilborne introduced the speaker of the evening, the Rev. Dr. James I. Vance, of Newark. Dr. Vance based his remarks upon Isaiah 32: 2. His subject was "The Ideal Man." The address was one of the most eloquent ever heard in the Oranges, wonderfully rich in thought and most helpful to the work. The Rev. J. D. Brown, pastor of St. Paul's A. M. E. Church, then spoke, and greatly applauded the work of the Branch during the last year, under the leadership of S. Cunningham, the Secretary. "The work," he said, "received a new impetus in November last, when this young man came to Orange and took charge. With his determination and go-ahead qualities he has succeeded admirably, and has brought the work to a flourishing condition. Mr. Cunningham is of the Moody School, at Mt. Herman, and is an earnest Christian worker, who deserves the support and co-operation of

the community. Last, but not least, William S. Plume, for thirteen years the backbone and Bible class teacher of the Branch, gave a fine historical sketch of the work, and by his wit and humor greatly amused the appreciative audience. Mr. Plume, a staunch friend of the Association, stuck to the work with unswerving faithfulness, through adversities and discouragements, and is highly pleased to see at last the results of his untiring labors. He, with the late Mr. Dudley, formerly Secretary of the main Association, organized the Branch thirteen years ago, and he is highly appreciated by the colored young men.

Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. P. A. Matthews. Other clergymen present, who are deeply interested in the work, were the Revs. J. H. Travis, C. W. Pullett, George W. Krygar, W. T. Watkins and H. P. Anderson.

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MR. L. M. CANADAY,
NORFOLK, VA.

See page 815.



MRS. IDA A. CANADAY,
NORFOLK, VA.

See page 814.

Mrs. Ida A. Canaday, the subject of this sketch, was born in Richmond, Va., in 1867. While in school, she lost her father, who was a prominent contractor and builder. By her own untiring energy and indomitable will, she succeeded in completing the city high school course, and graduated at the head of her class,—having won during the course seventeen gold and silver medals, a larger number than has ever been won by any one student, white or colored, in the city schools. During this period she was the sole support of her widowed mother and younger sister. But Providence smiled, and immediately after graduating she was elected teacher in the city schools, which position she held for fifteen years. After a lingering illness her mother passed to the great Beyond, leaving her as guardian of her little sister whom she supported for ten years, and saw graduate from her same alma

mater. On June 15, 1896, she resigned as teacher in the Richmond schools, and on the 22d of the same month, was married at the St. Phillips P. E. Church to Mr. E. M. Canaday, a successful insurance man of Norfolk, Va. They have been blessed with two little boys, who are the pride and sunshine of their home. Mrs. Canaday is a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, in which she was reared, and was treasurer of the Women's Guild for years. She is now president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Grace P. E. Church, Norfolk, Va., and bookkeeper for her husband. Possessing a most amiable and contented disposition, she always seeks to make others happy.

* * * * *

The subject of this sketch was born in James City County, near the historic town of Williamsburg, Va., in the late fifties, of one of Virginia's best colored families. Mr. Canaday is truly what is termed an all 'round man. When six years old, he lost his father, and his mother re-married. Having attended the county schools, he left home at sixteen for the famous Hampton School, from which he graduated in 1876. He then taught in the public schools of Virginia for sixteen years. In May 1883, he took unto himself a better half in the person of Miss R. E. Thurston of Williamsburg, where he was then in the mercantile business and principal of the city school. He was twice elected commissioner of revenue there and offered a councilship, but refused. In the election of Hon. Jno. M. Dawson, D.D., the latter ex-State Senator, as treasurer of Williamsburg and James City Co., he exercised a weighty influence, and was subsequently offered the position of deputy treasurer, which in view of his being already commissioner of revenue, was declined. Four children, one boy and three girls, came to bless his home and

make it happy, but in 1890, after a long illness his faithful wife passed away, preceded by their youngest girl, and soon after, the oldest one, "Bessie," the flower of his home, left this for a better and sweeter life.

Failing health, the result of overwork, then caused Mr. Canaday to resume teaching. After five years, he determined to change vocations, about which time the Richmond Beneficial Insurance, the strongest company in the State, was organized, and in it he saw an opportunity for a more independent life. His services were secured as manager of tidewater division, with headquarters in Norfolk. This company has done over \$300,000 worth of business in nine years' existence. He has written up over 15,000 policies and handled over \$30,000 for this company.

In June, 1898, Mr. Canaday married Miss Ida A. Hull of Richmond, Va. Their home has been blessed with two little boys, who make it the dearest spot on earth. Mr. Canaday is an example of what push and pluck alone can do. He knows nor accepts no such word as fail. He owns some valuable property. He is a True Reformer, and a P. C. in nights of Pythias, and a devoted husband, father and son. He now enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him, and believes in the possibilities of the race.

* * * * *

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Crowder, 654 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday evening, October 9, occurred the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. The spacious parlors were handsomely decorated with potted plants, cut flowers and miniature American flags.

The ceremony, with unclasped hands, was performed by the Rev. William T. Dixon, D.D., at ten o'clock, under a bevy of palms and flowers at the family

altar. Mrs. Crowder was handsomely gowned in crepe de chine over muslin—wedding ring and rings of pearl and diamonds, and carried a large bouquet of white roses.

The bridesmaid was Mrs. Sadie Williams, who wore a gown of green silk, springle net and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Edward Green was best man. Music was furnished by the Cedar Cliff orchestra, and the catering was done by the Artistic Catering Com-

and is a highly respected citizen of the community.

Mrs. Ella F. Crowder is also a native of North Carolina, being born in Charlotte. Like her husband, she is also an active worker in the church, Sunday School, and its various branches. Mrs. Crowder was one of five appointed several years ago by Dr. W. T. Dixon to supply the pulpit with flowers. The outgrowth of this committee resulted in the organization of "The Forget-me-not



MME. T. E. STUMM,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See page 817.

pany, R. Lincoln Powell in charge. Mr. Crowder is a native of Raleigh, N. C.; he came to Brooklyn in 1881 and has been active in nearly all movements for the advancement of the race; and in recent years in church and Sunday School work. He is an honored trustee of the Concord Baptist Church, a member of the Sunday School committee, stands high up in the ranks of the Odd Fellows,

Floral Club," Mrs. Crowder being its first president. She is the founder of the "Silver Lock Club" of the Northeastern Federation of Women's Clubs, and a member of the Sunday School committee.

This wedding anniversary reception was one of the finest social events of the fall season, and thoroughly demonstrated the high esteem in which Mr.

and Mrs. Crowder are held in the community.

The presents were numerous, both useful and ornamental. The Forget-me-not Floral Club sent a full tea set, decorated with forget-me-nots. Mr. Crowder's fellow-employees sent a handsomely-engraved twentieth anniversary

early subscribers to the "Colored American Magazine," and is a thorough race man.

* * * * *

Mme. T. E. Stumm was born in Danville, Ky., and educated at Berea College and Fisk University. Soon after the young girl had taken up her life work—



MRS. JOHN R. ROSS,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

See page 818.

wedding certificate, golden oak frame, besides a china tea set. There were many presents also from out of town. Among them were an urn and lobster claw from Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tabb, Newport, R. I. Mrs. Smith of Richmond, Va. and Mesdames Dillard and Jones of Parkersburg, W. Va., also sent presents. Mr. Crowder is one of the

teaching— she met the Rev. C. C. Stumm, D.D., and eventually married him. Their married life was so happy that when he died a few years ago his widow felt that life had little left for her interest. But it is a wise dispensation of Providence that one must arouse oneself from the depths of grief to the material needs of the body, and as we study

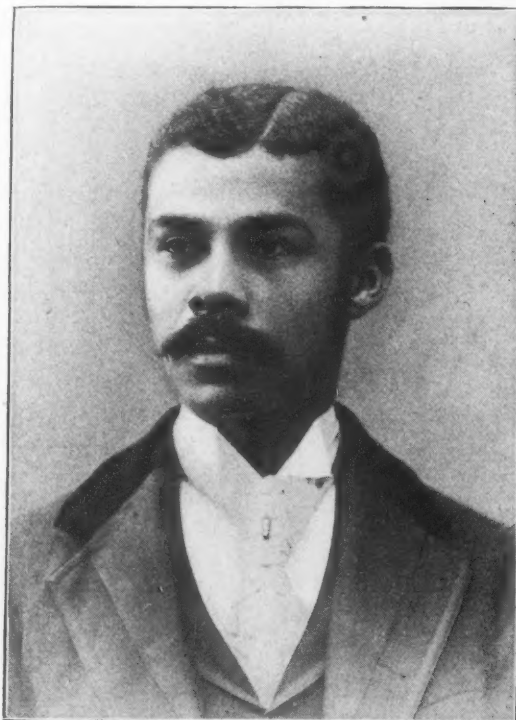
Mme. Stumm's career in the business world, we can but say "Sweet are the ways of adversity."

Finding that through the loss of a greater part of her husband's savings she would have to rely upon her own efforts for gaining a living, and not caring for the confinement of teaching, Mme. Stumm conceived the idea of making herself a superior hair culturist. In this business she has reached an enviable success; her practice is growing con-

Stumm employs from four to five young ladies to serve her customers, and four apprentices. All of these ladies are colored, and we are proud to say that this industry bids fair to pass into the hands of colored young ladies of breeding and culture through the Madam's untiring efforts to help the women of her own race to help themselves.

* * * * *

Miss Jennie Harrison of Peoria, Ill.



MR. CHARLES J. CROWDER,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

See page 815.

stantly, and in the near future she will make an extended tour in the South and West.

Mme. Stumm has a seven-room house in a fashionable neighborhood in Philadelphia, devoted to the use of her lady patrons; her forewoman is Mrs. Anna Sykes, who thoroughly understands the business methods of the Madame and carries on a successful practice in her absences from time to time. Madam

is a local artist of great ability. She is young in years, and with study promises to become famous in her day and generation. Miss Harrison has a large class of students, and is a very busy woman.

* * * * *

Mrs. John W. Ross, Jr., of New Haven, Conn., is the daughter of ex-councilman Charles McLinn; she is a graduate of the Normal School, and is president of the Twentieth Century Club, of

New Haven, which entertained the Northeastern Federation of Colored Women's Clubs at its annual convention. Mrs. Ross made an able and telling address of welcome, which was one of the hits of the session. This year the lady is Treasurer of the Northeastern Federation, having been elected to that position by the delegates.

* * * * *

Rev. W. T. Coleman, B.D., pastor First Baptist Church, Selma, Ala., first

and shortcomings of public schools, studied both nature and books, toiled with his hands, till in July '85 he made peace with God and joined the First Baptist Church of Uniontown, Ala.

Simultaneous with his conversion came his call to the ministry. After resisting the leading of the Spirit for two years, the young man accepted the inevitable and began exercising his gift. His first effort was an index to his future career. In the session of 1888-



MRS. CHARLES J. CROWDER,
BROOKLYN N. Y.

See page 815.

saw the light of this world near Uniontown, Ala., October 20, 1867. He came from one of the "Old Virginia families," who were noted for their piety and high moral ideas. His father, John G., though "a son of the soil," entertained the highest ambition for his son. He (young Coleman) entered the rural public school during his ninth year, and through many weary years young Coleman suffered from the inconveniences

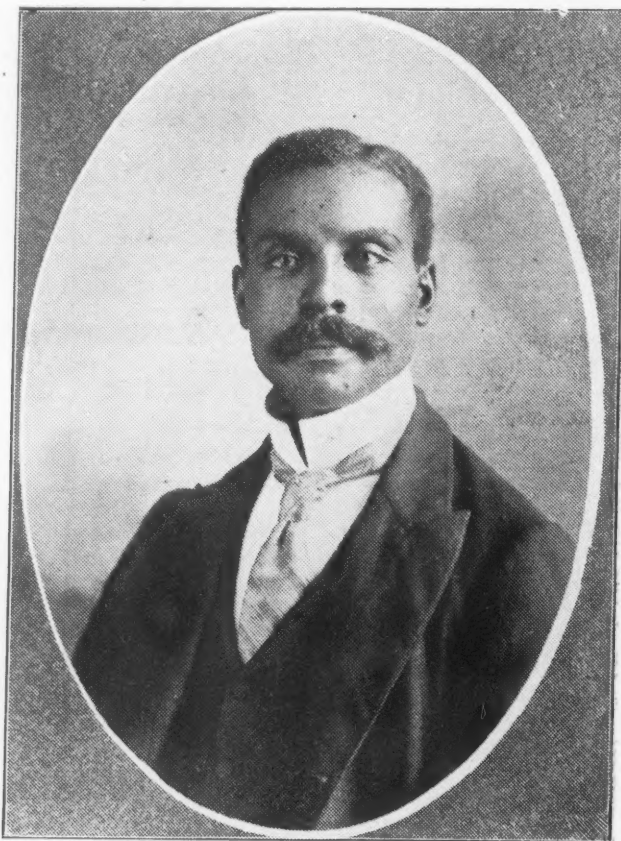
1889 he matriculated in Selma University, Selma, Ala. After four years' work he was graduated at the head of his class. In the autumn of '92 he entered the Richmond Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va. In 1895 here he again led his class and graduated with honors. In May of this same year he was ordained to take charge of the Berean Baptist Church, Marion (Ala.), and while pastoring this old, aristocratic church,

was also principal of the Marion Baptist Academy. How well the work was done here can be told by those who have seen and heard. After serving the church at Marion for one and a half years, Rev. Coleman accepted the chair of mathematics and metaphysics in Selma University, which position he held for three

Coleman has been called and has accepted the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, N. C. He will enter fully upon the duties of the new field December 1, 1903.

* * * * *

The first man to arrive in Norfolk from the scene of the wreck of the fast



REV. W. T. COLEMAN, B. D. See page 819.

sessions, which gave him the opportunity to show that he was a born teacher. In 1899 the First Baptist Church of Selma, Ala., unanimously called Rev. Coleman to its pastorate. It is in this field that he has done the work of his life. Here he found the church scattered, confused and tied up in debt, but now the church is on higher grounds, members together, souls added to the church by the hundred, credit restored and debts nearly all paid. To the sorrow and deep regret of this church, however, Rev.

mail train at Danville, Va., told of the chaotic scenes of the catastrophe to a Landmark representative last night.

He is Benjamin R. Boulding, colored, railroad postal clerk, and he, as the first railroad man to arrive after the crash, took charge of the United States' property and did all that was possible to relieve the wounded and dying.

Boulding was at his window in Danville when the fire bell sounded the alarm, followed by continued ringing of a bell on a cotton factory near his home.

He investigated the cause of the alarm, found it was the wreck of the fastest mail train in the Southern service, and after securing his postal badge hurried to the scene of the disaster.

The train had left the track almost directly across the river from Boulding's house, and within eighteen minutes after the actual accident Boulding had arrived and by virtue of his employ with the government, had taken charge of the mails.

He found that several bodies had already been removed, but with professional instincts, his first thought was for the safety of the mail entrusted to the care of the postoffice, and for the property of the government.

He consequently went immediately to the house where three of the wounded postal clerks had been carried, and succeeded in finding one, J. J. Dunlap, who, though badly injured, retained sufficient consciousness to direct Boulding to the rear of the last mail car where the loose registered packages were.

Boulding called on the crowd of citizens which had gathered to help him in digging away the debris, and he says that all, white and colored alike, worked hard with a common desire to save the wounded, and to preserve the property of the Postal Department.

One of the first men rescued was W. F. Pinckney, a postal clerk, and he, though slightly wounded, assisted Boulding in the work.

In the rear of the last mail coach they found sixteen loose registered letters, all in good condition except one, which was torn in two, and with no contents, two purses belonging to the clerks, two postal badges, two postal commissions, two watches, and the clothing of the clerks who had been in that car.

Tons of ordinary mail were taken out, and Boulding thinks that even the news-

papers which were on the train were saved intact.

Fire was not added to the horrors of the situation, though once a small blaze that was quickly extinguished, started, and this accounts for the saving of practically all the inflammable mail matter.

At five o'clock Mr. J. P. Sherril, of the Richmond postal service, arrived and an hour later six clerks engaged on the postal run from Greensboro to Atlanta came, and these seven men, having endorsed what Boulding had done, helped him to handle the mail, he remaining in charge. Mr. R. S. Birch and James T. Kilby arrived on the scene, and went to work caring for the wounded.

The records and other valuable government property secured by Boulding were turned over to C. T. Barksdale of the Danville postoffice, and these records will enable the department to ascertain later how much mail, if any, was not saved.

The commissions, money and other property of the postal clerks were sent by registered mail by Boulding to Mr. Charles W. Vickery, superintendent of the railroad service in Washington.

Boulding says that two bodies pinned down by heavy irons and wreckage could be plainly seen, but though the men worked furiously to get them out, their work had been in vain at the time he left the wreck. He also says that it is reported that a boy was sent on the train by the express company at Lynchburg to lock the express safe, and that he has not been seen nor heard from since. It is supposed in Danville that the lad, whose name Boulding does not know, was in the wreck.

Boulding, who has had long experience as a railroad postal clerk, has been in five wrecks himself, and he says that in taking charge of the Danville disaster the experience so dearly bought stood



COL. BENJAMIN R. BOULDING,

Past Master and Secretary Progressive Lodge, No. 80, A. F. & A. M., Norfolk, Va.

him in good stead, and that he knew instinctively how to use the men at the scene for the best results, both in saving the mail and in getting out the wounded.

The train, No. 97, is the fastest mail train in the South, and has been running about a year, cutting down the schedule time from New York to New Orleans by seven hours. It carried an immense amount of mail for all the Southern States, and consisted of three mail cars and an express coach, four in all.

Boulding is a well-known colored man of Norfolk, and was very active among the members of his race in raising money to rebuild St. Vincents Hospital after the fire.

The peculiarity of this wreck is that the whole train was lost, and the entire crew was instantly killed, only seven clerks and one express messenger remaining alive out of eighteen, and Boulding charged for both the government and railroad company.

Benj. R. Boulding, of Norfolk, Va.,—born at Crewe, Va., in 1868, graduated from Hampton Institute, Va., 1888, was

principal of the Blackstone, Va., public schools for three years and resigned to enter the United States Railway Mail Service in 1891.—Was the first and only colored railway postal clerk ever elected as delegate to the R. P. Clerks' National Convention in 1892, and was jumped from junior to senior clerk of line, and promoted to a class created for him in 1893, and runs clerk "in charge" from Norfolk to Danville, Va., 208 miles on the Southern Railway.

He is the State Grand Lecturer of Masons and furnishes all kinds of supplies to the fraternity as Past Chancellor of Pythians and Colonel commanding the 2nd Regiment Uniform Rank.

He is also a Royal Arch Chapter and a Knights Templar Mason. A member of the National Association of Railway Postal Clerks, and the U. S. R. M. S. Mutual Benefit Association of Clerks.

Col. Boulding is the brother of Mrs. Lucy B. Stephens, preceptress of Morgan College, Lynchburg, Va., over which her husband, the Rev. Geo. E. Stephens presides; and the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Boulding, highly honored, respected and popular citizens of Nottoway County, Va.

A SONG TO AFRIC'S GREAT.

AZALIA EDMONIA MARTIN.

Give me a hymn of praises,
From early morn till late;
A song to rouse the nations,
A song to Afric's Great.
With melody to equal,
The minstrels of the sea;
To ride upon the breezes
O'er lofty mount and lea.

With graces from the Muses,
I'd sing a stirring song;
To tell the world our virtues,
And lift above the wrong.

A balm to sooth the sorrows,
'Twould drive away all tears;
To live throughout the ages,
Like music of the spheres.

The birds that sing so sweetly
In yonder greenwood tree;
With joyful notes of gladness,
Would list a while to me.
In that hymn, full of praises
From early morn till late,
That song to rouse the nations,
That song to Afric's Great.

WASHINGTON'S POLICY.*

"FAIR PLAY."

1.

When a distinguished Russian was informed that some American Negroes were radical and some conservative, he could not restrain his laughter. The idea of conservative Negroes was more than the Cossack's risibilities could endure. "What on earth," he exclaimed with astonishment, "have they to conserve?"

According to a strict construction of terms, a conservative is one who is satisfied with, and advocates the continuance of, existing conditions; while a radical clamors for amelioration through change. No thoughtful Negro is satisfied with the present status of his race, whether viewed in its political, civil or general aspect. He labors under an unfriendly public opinion which is being rapidly crystallized into rigid caste and enacted into unrighteous law. How can he be expected to contemplate such oppressive conditions with satisfaction and composure? Circumstances render it imperative that his attitude should be dissentient rather than conformatory. Every consideration of enlightened self-respect impels to unremitting protest, albeit the manner of protestation may be mild or pronounced, according to the dictates of prudence. Radical and conservative Negroes agree as to the end in view, but differ as to the most effective means of attaining it. The difference is not essentially one of principle or purpose, but point of view. All anti-slavery advocates desired the downfall of the iniquitous institution, but some were more violent than others in the expression of this desire. Disagreement as to method led to personal estrangement,

impugnment of motive, and unseemly factional wrangle. And so, colored men who are zealous alike for the betterment of their race, lose half their strength in internal strife, because of variant methods of attack upon the citadel of prejudice. The recent regrettable "Boston riot" is a striking case in point. Mr. Booker T. Washington is the storm centre about which the controversy rages. Contending forces have aligned themselves in hostile array, as to the wisdom or folly of the doctrine of which he is the chief exponent. Two recent occurrences have served to accentuate this antagonism.

1. About two years ago, a group of Boston colored men, exotics, as some would say, of New England colleges, who had grown restive under the doctrine of the famous Tuskegeean, founded the "Boston Guardian" as a journal of protest. These men believe that the teachings of Mr. Washington are destructive of the rights and liberties of the race, and are pledged to spare no effort to combat what they deem his damaging doctrine. Mr. William Monroe Trotter, a Harvard graduate, and who is said to have maintained a higher scholastic average than any other colored student at that famous institution, is head and front of the movement. Mr. Trotter possesses considerable independent means, and is as uncompromising as William Lloyd Garrison.

2. The recent publication of "The Souls of Black Folk," by Professor W. E. B. Du Bois, also a Harvard graduate, has added new emphasis to the prevailing controversy. Dr. Du Bois is not an agitator, nor a carping critic of another's.

*From the Poston Transcript.

achievements, but a scholar, a painstaking, accurate investigator, a writer of unusual lucidity and keenness, and a fearless advocate of the higher aspirations of his race. He has stated in pointed, incisive terms, the issue between Mr. Washington and his critics, and has given the controversy definiteness and cast. Du Bois and Washington are being held up to public view as contrasted types of Negro leadership.

The radical and conservative tendencies cannot be better described than by comparing, or rather contrasting, the two superlative colored men in whom we find their highest embodiment—Frederick Douglass and Booker Washington. The two men are in part products of their times, but are also natural antipodes. Douglass lived in the day of moral giants; Washington in the era of merchant princes. The contemporaries of Douglass emphasized the rights of man; those of Washington his productive capacity. The age of Douglass acknowledged the sanction of the Golden Rule; that of Washington worships the Rule of Gold. The equality of men was constantly dinned into Douglass's ears; Washington hears nothing but the inferiority of the Negro and the dominance of the Saxon. Douglass could hardly receive a hearing to-day; Washington would have been hooted off the stage a generation ago. Thus all truly useful men must be, in a measure, time-servers; for unless they serve their time, they can scarcely serve at all. But great as was the diversity of formative influences that shaped these two great lives, there is no less opposability in their innate bias of souls. Douglass was like a lion, bold and fearless; Washington is lamblike, meek and submissive. Douglass escaped from personal bondage, which his soul abhorred; but for Lincoln's proclamation, Washington would probably have arisen to esteem and fa-

vor in the eyes of his master as a good and faithful servant. Douglass insisted upon rights; Washington upon duty. Douglass held up to public scorn the sins of the white man; Washington portrays the faults of his own race. Douglass spoke what he thought the world should hear; Washington only what he feels it is disposed to listen to. Douglass's conduct was actuated by principle; Washington's by prudence. Douglass had no limited, copyrighted program for his race, but appealed to the decalogue, the golden rule, the declaration of independence, the constitution of the United States; Washington, holding these great principles in the shadowy background, presents a practical expedient applicable to present needs. Douglass was a moralist, insisting upon the application of righteousness to public affairs; Washington is a practical statesman, accepting the best terms which he thinks it possible to secure.

Washington came upon the stage at the time when the policies which Douglass embodied had seemed to fail. Reconstruction measures had proven abortive. Negro politicians, like Othello, had lost their occupations, and had sought asylum in the Government departments at Washington. The erstwhile advocates of the Negro's cause had grown indifferent or apologetic. The plain intent of the constitution had been overborne in the South with the connivance of the North. The idea of lifting the Negro to the plane of equality with the white race, once so fondly cherished, found few remaining advocates. Mr. Washington sized up the situation with the certainty and celerity of a genius. He based his policy upon the ruins of the one that had been exploited. He avoided controverted issues, and moved, not along the line of least resistance, but of no resistance at all. He founded his creed upon construction

rather than criticism. He urged his race to do the things possible rather than whine and pine over things prohibited. According to his philosophy, it is better to build even upon the shifting sands of expediency than not to build at all, because you cannot secure a granite foundation. He thus hoped to utilize whatever residue of good feeling there might be in the white race for the betterment of the Negro. Tuskegee Institute, which is of itself a marvellous achievement, is only the pulpit from which Mr. Washington proclaims his doctrine. Industrial education has become so intricately interwoven into his policy that his critics are forced into the ridiculous attitude of opposing a form of training essential to the welfare of any people. For reasons of policy, Mr. Washington is provokingly silent as to the claim of higher education, although his personal actions proclaim loudly enough the belief that is in his heart. The subject of industrial and higher education is merely one of ratio and proportion and not one of fundamental controversy.

Mr. Washington's bitterest opponents cannot gainsay his sincerity or doubt that the welfare of his race is the chief burden of his soul. He follows the leading of his own light. Few men of this generation have shown such signal devotion, self-abnegation and strenuous endeavor for an altruistic cause.

Fair Play.

II.

One of the chief complaints against the Tuskegeean is lack of definite statement upon questions of vital concern. Mr. Washington is a diplomat of the first water. He sinks into sphinx-like silence when the demands of the situation seem to require emphatic utterance. His carefully studied deliverances upon disputed issues often possess the equivocality of a Delphic oracle.

While he does not openly avow, yet he would not disclaim, in distinct terms, a single plank in the platform of Douglass. The white race saddles its own notions and feelings upon him, and yet he opens not his mouth. His sagacious silence and shrewdly measured assertions must be taken, if not with the traditional grain of salt, at least with a goodly lump of diplomatic allowance. We do not usually associate deep moral conviction with the guileful arts of diplomacy, but we must remember that the delicate role of statesmanship cannot be played without rare caution and tactful prudence.

Mr. Washington's popularity and prominence depend largely upon the fact that his putative policy is acceptable to the Southern whites, because he allows them to believe that he accepts their estimate of the Negro's inferior place in the social scheme. He is quiescent if not acquiescent as to the white man's superior claims. He shuts his eyes to many of the wrongs and outrages heaped upon the race. He never runs against the Southerner's traditional prejudices. Even when he protests against his practices, the protestation is so palliatory that, like a good conscience, it is void of offence. Equality between the races, whether social, political, or civil, is an unsavory term to the white man's palate, and, therefore, Mr. Washington obliterates it from his vocabulary. The higher education of the Negro is in general disfavor, so Mr. Washington gives the approval of his silence to the charge that such pure and devoted philanthropists as President Ware of Atlanta, Patton of Howard, Tupper of Shaw, and Cravath of Risk, who did more than all others to quicken and inspire the Negro race, have lived, loved, labored and died in vain. Nor is he objectionable to white men by reason of his self-assertive personality. He is an exact modern

counterpart of Chaucer's knight: "Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable." Even when he violates their sacred code by dining with the President, or mingling on easy terms with ultra-fashionable circles, they lash themselves into momentary fury, but straightway proceed to laud and glorify his policy. The North applauds and sustains his propagandism because he strives to be at peace with all men. He appeals to the amity and not the enmity of both races. We are in the midst of an era of good feeling, and must have peace at any price. It is interesting to witness how many of the erstwhile loud-voiced advocates of the Negro's rights have seized upon Mr. Washington's pacific policy as a graceful recession from their former position. The whites have set up Booker Washington as the divinely appointed and anointed leader of his race, and regard as sacrilege all criticism or even candid discussion on the part of those whom he has been sent to guide. They demand for him an exemption which they have never accorded their own leaders, from George Washington to Theodore Roosevelt. Nothing could be further from Mr. Washington's thoughts than the assumption of divine commission which the whites seek to impose upon him. He makes no claim to have received a revelation, either from burning bush or mountain top; but is a simple, sincere, unsophisticated co-laborer with his brethren, as a single, though signal, agency for the betterment of his race.

Mr. Washington is not a leader of the people's own choosing. He does not command an enthusiastic and spontaneous following. He lacks that magnetic personality that would cause men to love and women to adore him. His method is rather that of a missionary seeking the material and moral betterment of an unfortunate people, than a

spontaneous leader voicing their highest self-expression. He is deficient in the fearlessness, self-assertion, aggressiveness and heroic spirit necessary to quicken and inspire. Such a leader must not hold up for painful contemplation or emphasize to the outside world the repugnant, grotesque and ludicrous faults and foibles of his own people, but must constantly direct attention to higher and better ideals. His dominant note must be pitched in the major, and not the minor key. He must not be of the earth earthy, with range of vision limited to the ugliness of untoward conditions, but must have the power of idealization and spiritual vista. Exaggerated self-importance is deemed an individual fault, but a racial virtue. It is the chief incentive of every race or nation that has ever gained prominence in the world's affairs. The triumphant, God-sent leader of any people must be the exponent and expounder of their highest aspirations and feelings, and must evoke their manhood and self-esteem, yea, even their vanity and pride.

Mr. Washington's following is very largely prudential and constrained; it lacks spontaneousness and joyance. He is not hailed with glad acclaim as the deliverer of his people. He brings good gifts rather than glad tidings. Many believe in him for his works' sake; some acquiesce rather than antagonize one who has gained so large a measure of public confidence; others are willing to co-operate in the accomplishment of good deeds, though they inwardly detest his doctrine; while those of political instinct seek his favor as a pass key to prestige and place. Few thoughtful colored men espouse what passes as Mr. Washington's policy, without apology or reserve.

The so-called radical Negroes are wholly wanting in organization and leadership. They have no commanding

personality or concrete achievement as a basis and background for their propagandism. Their plea is sought to be silenced by the cry that they have founded no institution and projected no practical project. The same might have been said of Garrison and Phillips. It is difficult to found an effective organization upon a protest. There is little constructive possibility in negation. These men believe in the doctrine of Douglass, who has become their prototype and patron saint. They have learned well the lesson which Northern statesmanship and philanthropy taught them a generation ago, although they are sought to be derided and belittled for adhering to their teachings.

Mr. Washington's critics assert that his leadership has been barren of good results to the race. Under his regnancy the last vestige of political power has been swept away. Civil privileges have been restricted, educational opportunities, in some states at least, have been curtailed; the industrial situation, the keynote of his policy, has become more ominous and uncertain, while the feeling between the races is constantly growing more acute and threatening. To this it is averred that no human power could stay the wave of race hatred now sweeping over the country, but that the Tuskegeean's pacific policy will serve to relieve the severity of the blow. The majority of thoughtful men range between these wide-apart views. They believe neither in surrender nor revolution. Both forces have their place and func-

tion in the solution of the race problem. While it would be unseemly for those who breathe the free air of New England to remain silent as to the heavy burden borne by their brethren in the South, yet we must not forget that Frederick Douglass could not to-day build up an institution in Alabama, nor do the imperative constructive work in that section. The progress of all peoples is marked by alternations of combat and contention on the one hand, and compromise and concession on the other. Progress is the resultant of the play and counterplay of these forces. Colored men should have a larger tolerance for the widest latitude of opinion and method. Too frequently what passes as an irrepressible conflict is merely difference in point of view. A striking illustration of harmony of aim with variance of method is furnished by the close alliance and friendly co-operation of Thomas Fortune and Booker Washington. It would be impossible to find two Negroes who are farther apart in temper and spirit, and yet we find them working together for the good of the race.

The Negro's lot would be sad indeed if, under allurements of material advantage and temporary easement, he should sink into pliant yieldance to unrighteous oppression; but it would be sadder still if intemperate insistence should engender ill-will and strife, when the race is not yet ready to be "battered with the shocks of doom."

THE NATION'S PROBLEM.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

In the ten and more years, during which I have been laboring to right the many wrongs suffered by that people, citizens, having in their veins any of the blood of the stolen and enslaved Afri-

cans, I have received a number of letters from the South criticising quite severely my published leaflets, sometimes abusive. To all of these I replied kindly, addressing my replies to the names over which

the several letters were written and to the place from which they came, also writing on a corner of the envelope, to be returned to my address named if not delivered. All of these replies, with, it may be, one, possibly two, exceptions, were returned by the several local postmasters, endorsed not called for, or no such name in the City Directory. The several letters to which I replied would seem to have been written over a bogus signature, or from a fraudulently stated post-office address.

Recently I am in receipt of a typewritten letter, signature and address on envelope also typewritten, over the name of a lady, acknowledging receipt of a communication written to and addressed to another person.

Can it be that this typewritten letter was not written by a lady, but the handiwork of some one of the male persuasion and in a way somewhat similar to those above mentioned? It looks very much that way. This typewritten letter states: "I am as much opposed to lynching as you are, but I am more opposed to the horrible crime which in nine cases out of ten is the cause in the South. In this section now a woman is not safe in a house alone."

If the typewritten letter came from a lady, she no doubt was honest in her statement regarding the horrible crime, having been so informed, misinformed, as in the case below, and as Southern women generally have been, deceived for the purpose of helping on with the crime of depriving Negro citizens of their rights as such. If from a man, he, it is probable, knew he was making a false statement, doing so to help on that crime against the Negroes.

Within a few years after the Civil War, a niece of mine, whose father was a Southerner, his family Southerners, received a letter from a woman cousin residing in the South, in which she stated:

"As I write, our young men as soldiers are marching by, going to Waterproof to put down a terrible Negro riot—what a shame it is they are obliged to risk their lives in suppressing these bad acts of the Negroes." The Southern press had previously advised its readers and the North of that terrible Negro riot. Later it became known, from fair-minded white people in the vicinity of Waterproof, that it was a white man's riot, "as all Negro riots, so-called, in the South, are white men's riots." There had been an election, the vote being very largely against the whites, who had voted the Democratic ticket. A mob of armed white men made an effort to take the box containing the ballots and the returns from the chairman of the election committee, a Negro. He proved to be a full man, a man of courage, resisted the mob, sacrificing his life and that of his wife, in the performance of duty, becoming martyrs in the cause of right and justice in behalf of their people. Other Negroes were killed and wounded, but no white man hurt.

As to that "horrible crime." Records have been kept in the North at different points, of all the cases of lynching Negroes, and the crime charged, in the South, reported in all Southern papers and Associated Press reports, no doubt including all charged with the horrible crime, but probably not more than one-half of those murdered in cold blood. These records show that less than one-third of those lynched were charged with that horrible crime. And further, the best of evidence comes, showing that more than ninety per cent. of those so charged and lynched or burned alive, were innocent of the crime, many of them guilty of no crime—except that great crime of leading their people to become manly men, taking part in affairs as all citizens should. Then the noble women from the North, who have been

teaching in the South since the Civil War, do not make complaint of improper conduct towards them by Negro men—they are advised, of course, that it is not safe to go out alone. Some of them no doubt accept and believe that story. One of them informed the writer she had no fear of the Negro men, but that some of her scholars frequently escorted her home to protect her from brutal white men. Furthermore, the Negroes' fear of the white man, whipped into them and their ancestors, inherited by those of recent times, along with the certainty and cruelty of the punishment to come, even when only charged with that crime, would deter any man from committing that crime. So that when we consider the fact that no such acts were committed by Negro men during the centuries of slavery—the fact that the white men of the South had so much confidence in their slaves, that they left them as the sole protectors of their women and children during the four years of war, and not a woman or child harmed—and the further fact that it requires generations to change the characteristics of a people, it is reasonably probable that all such charges, generally speaking, against Negro men, are cruel, premeditated falsehoods, discreditable and disgraceful to the entire Southern "superior race." So are the other barbarisms and injustices, of which many are committed against the oppressed race. All of which could

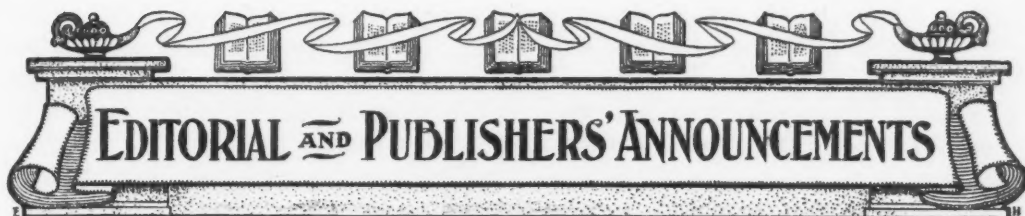
be brought to the light and shown to the world, as the peonage cruelties have been, if proper efforts were made for that purpose.

These acts of cruelty and injustice towards an inoffensive and heretofore a submissive people, are committed by barbarians, clearly so beyond a question, clothed in the garb of civilization. Those who quietly accept and acquiesce in them, are on the way to a similar state. Their children have been and are continually being thoroughly educated in that direction, and very many of them, having received of that unfortunate inheritance from slavery, upon which the recent education is based, are already rejoicing, when the opportunity comes to see a Negro burned alive, enjoying the fun of it, "jeering and cheering at the agonizing screams of a suffering human being."

The effects of such an education must necessarily remain with that people, brutalizing their descendants for generations to come, nature's way, her method of punishment for such damnable work.

And are not the people of the North in a great measure responsible for this unfortunate, damaging education? Should they not, will they not receive a liberal share of the same punishment, because of their cold indifference, during nearly forty years, to these cruel barbarisms to citizens of the nation?





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**An Appeal
from Bishop
to Bishop.**

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" is a question frequently asked.

When put with respect to disagreements among bishops, concerning a notorious practice in this country, it is more easily answered. It can be answered, and answered right, by the sane judgment and normal conscience of the people, and the opportunity for their exercise now presents itself. It was a Methodist bishop, somewhere in North Carolina, we believe, who debased his title, defiled religion, and shocked humanity some weeks ago by a public defence of lynching. We will extend to him the undeserved charity of not mentioning his name. Now a bishop of another church in Arkansas says that, while he does not justify lynching, he "can find no other remedy adequate to suppress the crime for which this has been made the punishment by the people of the South." In other words, this mob leader from the House of Bishops does justify it, but lacks the courage to accept the damning responsibility for so doing.

Were we compelled to accept the declarations of these men as representative of the general sentiment and moral density of their class and cult and cloth in the United States, the outlook would seem black indeed. But we believe they are the rare exceptions, and have trust-

worthy evidence that such is the case. Rev. James W. Lee of St. Louis, prominent in the Methodist Church, and well known besides as author and editor, writes to us to express his grief at such representatives, both on account of his church and his section, he having been born in the South, the son of a slaveholding father. He sends us, with his hearty commendation, an address by Bishop Candler of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Georgia, which he says expresses the sentiments of the best Southern people on the subject of lynching, and adds: "The people in the South who owned slaves before the war are the Negroes' real friends, and they are grieved beyond expression by the prevalence of mob law."

No stronger or more fearless words have been spoken on this subject than those that appear in Bishop Candler's presentation of the case, and we regret that we have not room for it in its entirety. He designates lynch law, as others have designated it, as anarchy, and "anarchy is always the forerunner of destruction in republics." If not checked it will soon reach a pitch that will be unendurable, even by the vicious, and when the hour arrives, as under such conditions it will, when one strong and able tyrant is considered preferable to "the many-headed tyranny of a brainless mob," then the "man on horse-

back" will appear. For this there is the teaching of universal history. "The spirit of mobocracy in the Grecian republic made Philip of Macedon possible and opened the way for Alexander. Robespierre and his rioters gave Napoleon his chance. They slew the liberty which they professed to love. And let no man suppose that such an outcome is impossible in our land and time. The American people are as quick as any to adore a military hero, and they can make one out of as small amount of the raw material as any nation that ever kissed a sword or bowed to a plume."

The general defence of lynching is to cite "the usual crime." But the bishop shows that out of one hundred and twenty-eight lynchings in a single year, only sixteen of the victims were charged with that crime. In the "Colored American Magazine" for September, an able Boston publication, James S. Stemons of Philadelphia shows in even stronger detail the insincerity and weakness of the general charge. Between June, 1900, and June, 1903, he carefully watched the news columns of three daily papers of that city to obtain the basis for an intelligent induction on this question. During that time there were recorded two hundred and four assaults, or attempted assaults, on women in this country. "Forty-nine of these crimes were committed by Negroes, three by Chinese, and one hundred and fifty-two by white men. Nine Negroes were burned at the stake, fifteen were lynched, eleven barely escaped lynching, and only eight, three of whom were twelve-year-old boys, escaped a determined effort of lynchers. Four white men were lynched, two were pursued by armed posses, and seventy-eight failed to create any outburst of public feeling." If anyone is disposed to doubt these figures, Mr. Stemons gives the sources of his authority, which are as available to others as they were to him.

"Depend upon it," says Bishop Candler, "No nation ever retains liberty after it ceases to maintain law," and he adds: "The situation in the South is one of difficulty, of course. So is the situation in Chicago, or that of Paris, or that of London, or that of New York. Our homes in the South are safer than the homes of Chicago. Give me the Negro any time in preference to the Anarchists and free-lovers. In fact, I do not wish to live in any country where there are no Negroes. But, if our difficulties were a thousand-fold greater than they are, lynchings would not remove them. Such deeds of lawlessness multiply all our troubles." As between bishop and bishop in these opposing views, no man of sober judgment and common humanity will have any difficulty in making a choice.—"Boston Transcript."

* * * * *

The Philippine Census.

Subject to possible revisions, which will not materially affect its general accuracy, the enumeration of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands has been completed. The rough count gives the population as 6,976,574, of whom 650,000 are included in the category of the "wild tribes." This census is to all intents and purposes the first worthy of the name ever taken in the Philippines. The Spaniards made estimates, and indeed they could do little more than that, since great regions in the islands were to them unknown lands. Spanish control beyond the lines of military occupation was largely theoretical outside of Luzon. The Spaniards never got inland in force enough to make any observations of the condition of the people of some of the large islands, where there was a tacit truce with well-understood lines of demarcation.

We have heard some of our officials say that their Spanish predecessors with whom they were brought in contact

were found but blind guides. Some of these Spaniards, after years of service in the Philippines, had acquired no real knowledge of the life and conditions of the natives. We once heard an American official, who was at home on leave of absence, say that many an intelligent sergeant of our army which has marched and fought all over the islands, has a clearer insight into their social and economic conditions than the average Spanish captain general. The Spaniards not only did not have the opportunity to make a trustworthy census, but they did not have the desire to do so. Censuses were not in their line anywhere.

This census will correct several errors and will compel revision of certain judgments of the islands and the people. Thus it is found that the guesses made, both by the Spaniards and our earlier officials, at the population, were too high. Even a year or two ago there were American officials who thought that the enumeration would show the presence of at least 8,000,000 people in the islands. This guess was about 1,000,000 too high, it now appears. Another revision of opinion as to the capabilities of the Filipinos is called for by the revelation that the wild tribes constitute only about ten per cent. of the population. This is a condition favorable to us.

The civilization of the Philippines is very different from ours; the struggle that has been going on has been largely a collision between two civilizations suddenly brought together by the chances of war, but what degree of advancement the people have attained should make their development easier under our guidance. This guidance should not guide too much or too insistently. A wise administration will not seek to Americanize too rapidly in anything, and should avoid altogether attempting to Americanize certain things. A demonstration

of the greater value of an American idea to their well-being ought to be the best way with a people among whom General Sanger has found so many intelligent enumerators.

General Sanger's experience in directing the Cuban census qualifies him to speak authoritatively of the capabilities of a people as enumerators, and he frankly admits that without the faithful service and cordial co-operation of the Filipinos his work in the Philippines would have been a lamentable failure. Politically, the census may have an important effect on our relations with the Philippines, since it is to be the basis of representation of the local legislature we have promised to establish, somewhat similar to that of Porto Rico.—"Boston Transcript."

**An
Infamous
Lie.**

Again and again we hear it said: "If the Negro will only behave himself and stay in his place, he will get along in the South as well as anybody." The claim is infamous! President Roosevelt, when addressing his white fellow-citizens at Memphis, Tenn., last winter, boldly said: "You demand that the Negro shall behave himself and shall do right, but may I not add, let us all behave ourselves and let us all do right; do right against all odds, do right despite the fact that some people will do wrong." The above is our contention exactly. Let those who know the right, who know the law, do the right and obey the law. There can be no palliation for wrong-doing on the part of those who know the demands of justice, yet assume the authority to outrage justice in making cowardly assaults upon those with whom public sentiment is not in sympathy. Evidence is constantly at hand where one black man is unjustly assailed along the public thoroughfare, in the South particularly, yet when man-

hood and instinct prompt him to stand in his own defence, the assaulting party is at once re-enforced by a score or more of white ruffians who beat their victim into insensibility or death. At once from the lips of cowardly onlookers, these words may be heard: "Let the Negro behave himself and he will have no trouble." Passing along the streets in an orderly way, he is brutally assaulted without the least provocation. Yet he is again told he "must behave" himself. In the name of reason and mercy, what then is behavior? Thus, too, the average and illiterate Negro in the South is heard to say: "I behaves myself, yas I do, fo' ef a white man slaps or kicks me, I jes goes right along, 'cept I sometimes say: 'Look out, boss, don't kick so hard.' I gits along wid de white folks very well." So when a white man slaps or kicks a black man, "let him behave himself." Don't you see? And this is what is meant when Southern white men say: "The Negro can get along well enough anywhere, if he will only behave himself." What a travesty upon human justice that men may be maltreated and abused without cause and made to bear the blame of culprits and criminals! Such is the spirit of affairs in the Southland, and such is the condition that thousands of black men are called to confront. In the merest dealings between black and white in the adjustment of ordinary mistakes, it comes to this that the Negro is not allowed to speak for himself, to take his own part, lest he be deemed "an impudent and imposing fellow." If intelligent and well-dressed, he is said to be "beside himself," and if he dare assert an honest conviction he is branded as "a disturbing element, assuming leadership among his people." He may evince in his nature the elements of true manliness and excellence, yet the tendency is to despise and scorn him for being what

humanity and civilization in duty demand. Now it is malicious persecution to enjoin behavior where it is absolutely given. It is wrong to require a man to pay a debt when it is already paid. Far better let those who require obedience to the law, be sure that they themselves are maintaining the law. In nine cases out of ten the Negro is law-abiding, submissive and dutiful, and still we hear it repeated that "if he will but behave himself, he can get along in the South as well as any one else." The individual who says so is either a knave or a fool, and is not to be depended upon for the truth. Hardly does an editorial or a communication appear from the press in our time, but that we discover a greedy and vicious attempt to depreciate the moral worth of the Afro-American. The Southern press teems with villainous onslaughts upon a people who by right and by nature are at least entitled to the treatment of human beings. Like white men and other races, the Afro-American is heir to all the infirmities, weaknesses and imperfections, but to wantonly charge him with misbehavior and to overburden him with undeserved guilt, and make him the scapegoat of other men's sins is the consummation of the worst crimes against God.—"Cleveland Gazette."

* * * * *

With this issue the "Colored American Magazine" passes the sixth month of its life under the auspices of its new management. It has been a stormy time, and the winds of adversity have not failed to howl about the pathway of this courageous enterprise. The officers of the new management, however, are proud to say that while some of our leaders to whom they have applied for countenance and support have turned to them the deaf ear, yet the great majority of the reading public and the versatile writers of the race, have not failed to

do all in their power to encourage the management, and to help keep the magazine up to standard by fraternal co-operation. From Europe, Asia and Africa our correspondents have sent us cheering words and financial support. We take this opportunity to thank them all sincerely from our hearts. We append a few extracts from letters we have received.

"We are proud that this enterprise is saved to the race after having had some legal complications, which impeded its progress for a short time."—The "Independent," Houston, Texas.

"The September number of the 'Colored American Magazine' bristles with interesting reading matter; in fact, the magazine under its new management is making such literary strides as will soon entitle it to rank among the national productions of its kind."—*"The Florida Sentinel."*

"An able publication."—*"Boston Transcript."*

"It is evident that the new management of this periodical are keeping up the pace set by their predecessors."—*"The New York Age."*

"Something unique in literary material is the 'Colored American Magazine' issued by The Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, of 82 West Concord Street, Boston, Mass., and sold at fifteen cents a number, or one dollar and fifty cents a year. This journal is an illustrated monthly, devoted to literature, science, religion, fact, fiction and traditions of the Negro race. It is under the management of a staff of leading colored people in America, and its illustrations are world-wide and beautiful withal, comprising men and scenes interesting to colored people everywhere. The literary editress whom we must thank for the copies now lying on

our table, is Miss Pauline E. Hopkins, the gifted authoress of 'Contending Forces,' a romance of Negro life North and South, and other works. Colonel William H. Dupree is the president, William O. West, Secretary and Manager, and Jesse W. Watkins, Treasurer, all of whom are experienced and pushing men of the race. Miss Hopkins is an Afro-American lady writer of wide range, experience, and versatility, and we must sincerely thank the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company, for this interesting and inspiring token of the progress of black humanity in America."—*"Izwi Labantu,"* East London, South Africa.

* * * * *

The vacation season is now over, and as our thousands of readers and friends return to their regular work, we trust that they, one and all, will do so with a determination to do everything in their power to further the influence and increase the circulation of *"The Colored American Magazine."*

We make some very remarkable offers in our November number, that cannot fail to be of interest to the race in every section. We hope to mail thousands of our premiums to our patrons in every section of this country.

We are carefully preparing a special announcement of the features to appear in our great Christmas Number, and during the year 1904. We hope to eclipse in every way the work of the past year, and place our Magazine in the front rank of regular monthly publications.

Agents will kindly have their remittances ready when our representative calls on them. By so doing they will save the management much trouble, and the collector great loss of time.

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 " —S. W. Rutherford, 609 F St., N. W.

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 Macon—J. H. Walker, 380 Monroe St.
 Savannah—John W. Armstrong, 13 Bull St.
 " —Chester A. Miles, Box 383.

ILLINOIS

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 Peoria—Henry C. Gibson, 307 Flora Ave.

INDIANA

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IOWA

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KENTUCKY

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 Lexington—Geo. W. Neighbors, 110 N. Broadway.
 Louisville—Mrs. W. Nolan King, 1039 Third St.
 " —Charles F. Hunter, 102 E. Green St.
 " —L. H. Schaefer, 1533 Gallagher St.
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LOUISIANA

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MARYLAND

Baltimore—W. H. Jackson, 2426 Belmont Ave.

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 Lynn—George Makkers, 9 Collins Ct.
 New Bedford—Mary A. Jones, 308 Middle St.
 North Cambridge—W. A. Hopkins, 53 Clifton St.

MICHIGAN

Saginaw—Mrs. M. W. Simmons, 614 Johnson St.

MISSOURI

Jackson—O. O. Nance.

NEW JERSEY

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 Jersey City—Rev. W. E. Griffin, 345 Johnson Ave.
 " —H. L. Curtis, 68 Ege Ave.
 Newark—Rev. I. B. Tembrook, 115 Halsey St.
 New Brunswick—James H. Thomas, 143 Church St.
 Orange—T. W. Thomas, 8 Wilson Place.

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 " —Mrs. N. B. Dodson, 168 Willoughby St.
 Buffalo—Miss Lena Paul, 153 Clinton St.
 Flushing—C. T. Smith, 10 N. Prince St.
 Ithaca—H. Florence Newton, 421 N. Albany St.
 Newburg—Miss E. L. Purce, 31 Clark St.
 New York—R. H. Smith, 197 W. 134th St.
 Nyack—Miss Mei McKenney, 10 Catherine St.
 Peekskill—A. M. Crawford, 216 Hadden St.
 Syracuse—Blanche A. Patterson, 828 S. State St.
 Tarrytown—John Lassiter, 9 So. Washington St.
 Troy—George B. Kelley, 1636 Sixth Ave.
 White Plains—Miss L. A. Rogers, 12 Fisher Ave.

NORTH CAROLINA

Tarboro—N. B. Brown, Box 193.
 Wilmington—R. D. Diew, 12 No. Second St.

OHIO

Cincinnati—H. B. Brooks, 1025 John St.
 Cleveland—Alex. O. Taylor, 204 Garfield Building.
 " —I. E. Oliver, 217 Sibley St.
 Columbus—Mrs. M. G. Jamison, 78 E. Long St.
 Mansfield—Cora M. Pointer, 175 Glessner Ave.
 Piqua—Miss Estella Kendell, 927 Ash St.
 Springfield—E. L. Rogers, 716½ E. Washington St.
 Steubenville—E. B. Browne, 128 S. Seventh St.

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TEXAS

Austin—A. Jackson, Jr., 1607 E. Eleventh St.

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 Portsmouth—Eugene J. Bass, Green and London Sts.
 Richmond—Mrs. M. R. Wallace, 706 Price St.

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Seattle—G. A. Hayes, 2600 E. Valley St.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—J. D. Cook, 637 Third St.
 West Superior—Geo. Williams, 421 Banks Ave.